Saturday Review
December 10, 1977 $1.00

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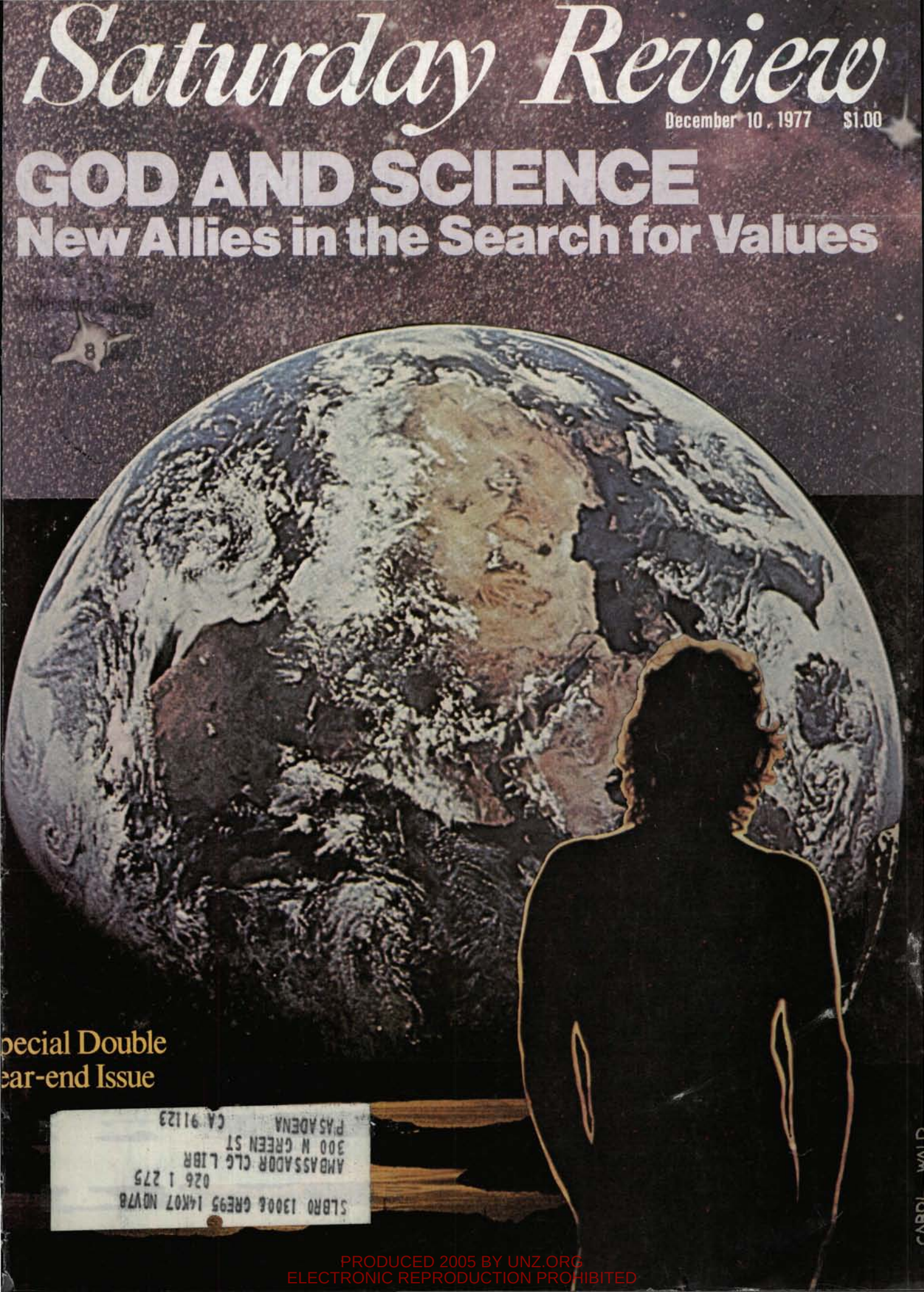
New Allies in the Search for Values



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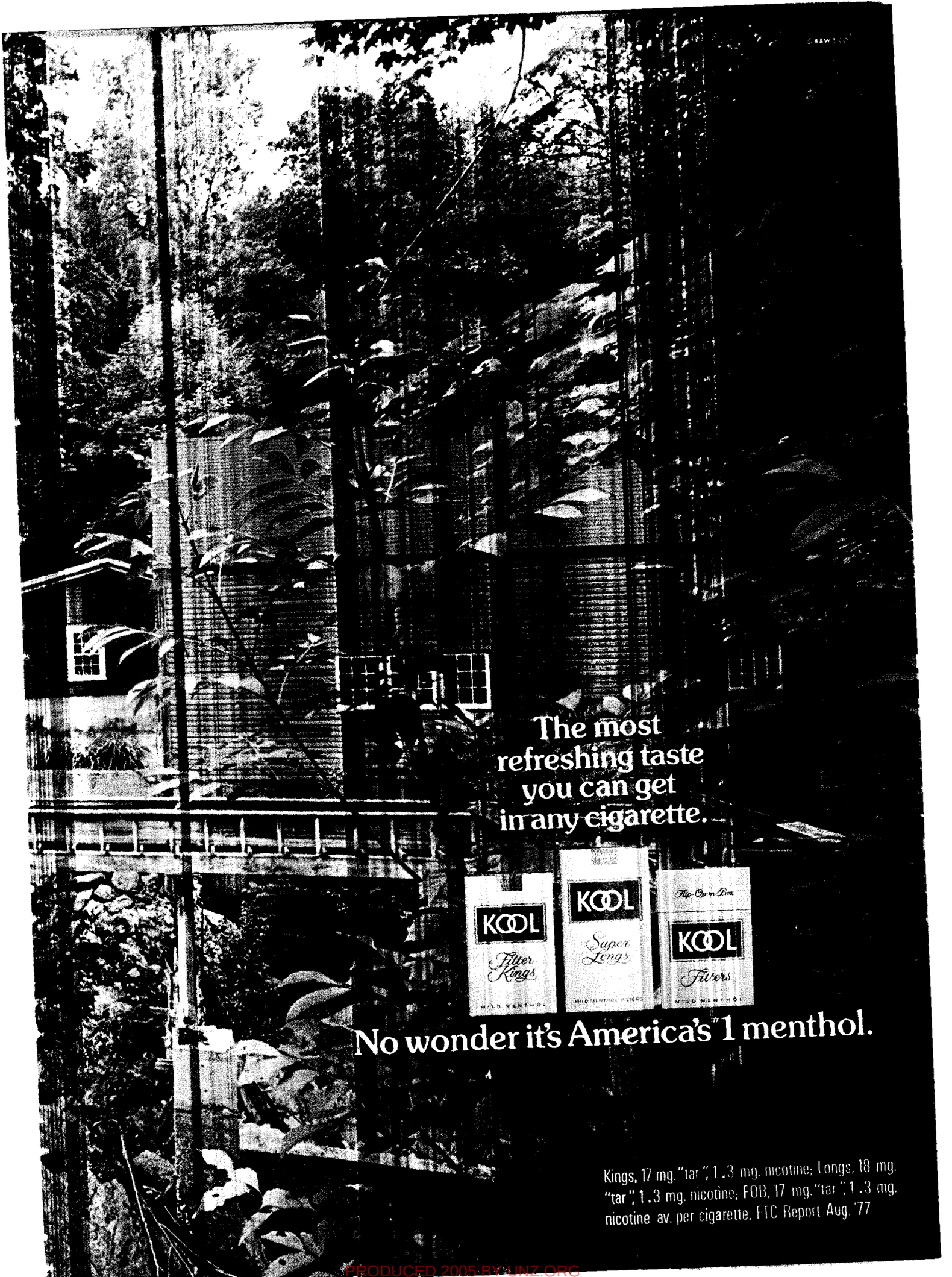

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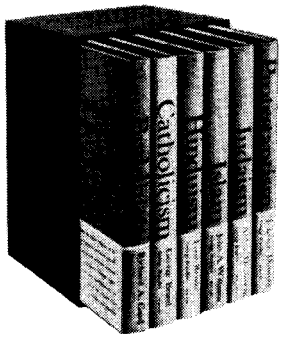

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Double Year-end Issue

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Book Report

HERE ARE two books on men who are worth reading about and whom we knew as warm personal friends.

Oscar Hammerstein, the subject of the biography *Getting to Know Him*,* by Hugh Fordin, built a vastly successful career as playwright and librettist on his ability to celebrate the great simplicities of life. He believed in children, sunny mornings, love at first sight, happy surprises, good humor and good deeds. He had no interest in the cheap sex and casual violence that were to become the thematic staples of many of his later contemporaries. He unabashedly extolled the essential decency of people and never got tired of lyricizing their capacity to extricate themselves from absurd and painful situations.

For a long time—especially during the first two decades of his career—the drama critics flayed Hammerstein because they thought him too sentimental, too addicted to what they regarded as implausible triumphs over the bleak realities. Eventually, however, almost all of them came to sing his praises. Even the toughest of them had to admit they felt better about belonging to the human species after seeing his musicals.

I knew him through his interest in world federalism. He had been a member of the Writers' War Board during World War II. The WWB was formed originally at the request of the U.S. Treasury Department for the purpose of stimulating the sale of War Bonds. When the war ended, most of the members of the WWB felt that the atomic bomb on Hiroshima had changed not just the nature of war but the entire future of humanity. They felt that the time had come to create a world order that could deal with the basic causes of war and put an end to the atomic arms race "before the arms race put an end to the human race." In this way, the Writers' War Board became the Writer's Board for World Government. Oscar Hammerstein was one of its most dedicated workers. He wrote a play for the World Federalists called *The Myth That Threatens the World*. The reference here was to the outmoded notion that national security could be achieved through *absolute* national sovereignty. Special performances of the play, in which many stars from the Hammerstein-Rodgers musicals were members of the cast, were staged by the World Federalists in the United States and abroad.

Oscar Hammerstein's friendship was one of the greatest privileges of my life. He was a magnanimous human being, deeply caught up in the main currents of his time, endlessly creative, instinctively friendly and trusting. Hugh Fordin gave himself an overwhelming assignment when he decided to write Oscar Hammerstein's biography. Yet the largeness of the man and his outlook is beautifully captured in this book, which does full justice to its subject. It will be read with warm appreciation by all those whose spirits are lifted every time they hear or hum a Hammerstein tune.

It is an extraordinary coincidence that John McAleer's biography of Rex Stout,† the renowned mystery story writer and creator of Nero Wolfe, should be issued at about the same time as the biography of Oscar Hammerstein. Rex and Oscar were the best of friends. Stout was the head of the Writers' War Board and the Writer's Board for World Government. Like Hammerstein, Rex Stout believed that a safe world would not come into being by itself. He believed it would have to be designed. Such a design involved the development of effective authority that only world law could provide. Stout's religion was human freedom, and he evangelized in every way open to him, seeing world law as a basic precondition for freedom on earth.

Rex Stout had a wide circle of friends. He teased them unmercifully, gave them a rough time in political discussions, and loved them all with openness and ebullience. He had a voice that in tonality and power rivaled the full diapason of the great organ at Strasbourg. If you argued with him about politics, you could almost feel the thunder build up inside him; when it reached a point where it could no longer be contained, out would come, "The hell you say!" If there were hills around, the sound would boom and echo through the valleys. And then he would suddenly turn soft and grin at you and suggest a game of chess.

His two greatest hates in life were Adolf Hitler and Josef Stalin. Long before Nazism was recognized in the United States for what it was, Rex Stout's diapason was at full vibrato. With William Allen White, he helped organize the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies. With Ulric Bell, he helped transform that group into the Fight for Freedom Committee. He was totally without ambiguity or circumspection in every personal commitment. He had a natural capacity for leadership. In addition to his chairmanship of the Writers' War Board and the Writer's Board for World Government, Rex was president of the Author's League. Despite it all, he plied his profession with almost volcanic energy. John McAleer gives us the accounting: 51 books, 75 novellas and short stories. Stout's works have appeared in 26 languages. Total sales of all his titles exceed 100 million copies. When he died, in 1975, he had more books in print than any living American writer.

Most readers think of him only in connection with his mystery stories. Yet Mr. McAleer reminds us that he began as a serious avant-garde novelist who was compared with D. H. Lawrence and William Faulkner. Very few people know that he began as an accountant; he was nineteen when he did bookkeeping for Theodore Roosevelt on the President's yacht, *Mayflower*. When he was twenty-three he managed a hotel; by the time he was thirty-one, he was a successful banker. In the interstices of his business career, he managed to write his serious novels. Not until he was forty-seven did he turn seriously to mystery stories, inventing two immortal literary characters, Nero Wolfe and Archie Goodwin.

Mr. McAleer sees Rex Stout against a large setting. Stout regarded the detective story as "an advanced base from which he could promote realizable forms.... He realizes that extremism of the right menaces civilization fully as much as extremism of the left.... Within his brownstone, [Nero] Wolfe maintains a comic system of order that is overlaid on the heroic social order civilization depends on."

This is a superb book. Mr. McAleer comes to it with impressive credentials. His previous books include a biography of Theodore Dreiser and a work on Thoreau. All friends of Rex Stout, Nero Wolfe, and Archie Goodwin are in his debt.

—N. C.

*Random House; $15

†*Rex Stout: A Biography*; Little, Brown; $15

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Letters from Readers

The Bakke Case

Charles Lawrence III's piece ["The Bakke Case: Are Racial Quotas Defensible?" October 15] was by far the most enlightening article on the subject printed anywhere, for, like many of Adlai Stevenson's speeches, it told people something they did not wish to hear. With small injections of self-congratulation administered every year since the *Brown* decision of 1954, the American majority has been gradually drugged into a state where racism seems nothing more than a misty memory from a time of night raiders and church bombings.

I am as much a member of the majority as one can get—WASP, with all the fringe benefits—but it amuses me when I hear friends lapse into a sudden diatribe against some injustice that has been wrought against us. Truthfully, none of us can say we begin to understand the covert indignities of sneers, closed doors, and denied opportunities.

Randy Schultz
Pompano Beach, Fla.

As the attorney for Rita Clancy, another student involved in a reverse discrimination case against the University of California at Davis, I am totally astounded at the factually unsupported partisan generalities utilized by Mr. Lawrence in his misstatement of the Bakke case.

Perhaps the most outstanding of Lawrence's misstatements is his use of the phrase "better qualified." The California Supreme Court does *not* state that Bakke was "better qualified." What it states is that Bakke was better qualified for admission "under the standards adopted by the university itself," and that "no applicant may be rejected because of his race, in favor of another who is less qualified as measured by standards applied without regard to race." Nowhere did the court state that white applicants were better qualified; rather, it stated that they were better qualified for admission *based upon the university's admissions standards*—inter alia grades, medical college admissions test scores, occupational objectives, and so forth. Bakke's grade point average was 3.51, with MCAT [Medical College Admissions Test] percentiles of 96, 94, 97, and 72. Minority applicants were admitted with grade point averages of 2.11 and 2.21 and with MCAT scores well below the fiftieth percentile.

Lawrence also decries the fact that no expert testimony described the purposes of the program or explained why traditional criteria were inadequate to judge the true potential of minority candidates and that there were no statistics to demonstrate the need for doctors in the minority community.

All of these facts were well known to the parties and the court, but the purpose of the program and the need for doctors in the minority community were not at issue in the case. The only issue was whether Bakke had been prevented from attending the university because of his race. No matter how laudable the objectives of the special admissions program are, the purposes of the program and the need for minority doctors were simply irrelevant.

Merritt Weisinger
Los Angeles, Calif.

What most disturbs me about reverse discrimination concerns its end result. A number of medical schools (including one with which I have recently been associated) have had to introduce remedial instruction in reading comprehension and mathematics. These courses are given in the summer, before medical school begins, and are designed to bring certain students closer to their "peers" in academic areas. The remedial courses are filled almost entirely with disadvantaged and minority students who have done relatively poorly in the admissions testing procedures. As for what happens after medical school starts, I have personally been aware of specific occasions when the difficulty of the curriculum has been reduced so that these students could graduate.

Lawrence may think such efforts quite laudable. I wonder, though, how he or any other patient would feel if treated by one of these students after graduation. Would anyone honestly prefer to be treated by a doctor who was admitted to medical school with substandard qualifications, has had to take remedial reading and mathematics courses to be able to start school, whose course load had to be lightened (and who therefore has had less extensive clinical training), and who may even have received the medical school equivalent of a "social promotion" because the institution was afraid to fail him?

I think each of us is obligated to ensure the best trained physicians possible for ourselves and for our families. I believe Lawrence would do well to reconsider some of his views from a patient's viewpoint rather than from that of the prospective doctor.

Dr. Thomas Hill
Decatur, Ga.

With this issue, *SR* begins a monthly restaurant column, Oh, Cuisine!, in which writers from around the world will report on their favorite eating establishments.

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Front Runners

On Wing and Hoof

In Devon, England, Dr. John Lister writes in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, doctors have long been irritated over the great delays—caused by creep-and-crawl traffic—in getting blood and tissue samples over to nearby Plymouth for urgently needed lab tests. Recently, someone thought of *flying* the lightweight samples to Plymouth by carrier pigeon. The first 12 shipments arrived without a hitch, and now the feathered friends are on a regular flight schedule. If the experiment works, Britain's pigeon population may soon be on the rise.

Down on the farm, meanwhile, horses are coming back into their own. Richard J. Cattani notes in the *Christian Science Monitor* that the U.S. horse population was only 3.2 million in 1959, but that now we have 8.5 million—a fourth of them farm horses.

Cattani credits Amish farmers for much of the revival. It seems that the Amish stuck with their draft animals when, after World War II, most other American farmers rushed out to buy tractors. But now the energy crisis and the organic farming movement are causing farmers to take a new look at the powerful Percherons and Belgian draft horses being used to such economical good effect by the Amish. A good draft team, Cattani says, produces fertilizer, saves on gasoline and diesel fuel bills, and "can put in a dozen years of work in the fields."

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"My Nose Is Itching..."

Did you really think the spirit of Thomas Edison and Alexander Graham Bell was stone-cold dead in America? Well, it isn't—as witness the many exciting inventions for the handicapped being produced, gratis, by a largely unsung organization called the Telephone Pioneers of America.

The Pioneers are 500,000 senior or retired employees of American Telephone and Telegraph who volunteer their time and creative know-how for community service. Some of their electronic inventions for physically impaired people are:

- A "beeping baseball," which is actually a softball with a built-in beep-emitting device that enables blind children to experience the thrill of hitting line drive singles off pitches they track entirely by ear. Pioneers-designed beepers are also being used successfully in bowling balls, hockey pucks, basketballs, golf balls, and horseshoe-pitching equipment. And now various types of "beep-ball" leagues are springing up across the country.
- An inexpensive hearing aid that is made from an ordinary transistor radio for less than $15 per unit. "It can be used," says its inventor, Joe Messana, "at the movies or when watching TV. ... Anyone with skill in repairing electrical devices can make it in less than two hours."
- Audio devices, installed in stuffed bunnies, mechanical squirrels, and big-eyed dolls that help reach deaf, autistic, or retarded children. One "unreachable" palsied child, long thought deaf, was left in a room alone with a talking doll, while observers watched through a one-way mirror. When the doll said plaintively, "My nose is itching. Could you scratch it?" the child promptly reached over and rubbed its nose. And deaf children who can't hear their own voices soon learn that the longer and louder they speak, the faster and higher "Scamper," a plastic squirrel, will go climbing up his fiber glass tree.

More on the Hitler Boom

And now, a rock opera about *der schoen Adolf*. With interest in Hitler still at flood tide in West Germany (see Front Runners, "Springtime for Hitler," September 17), two Hamburg musicians have come out with an album of their "Rock Opera: Der Fuehrer."

In the new work, says *Variety*, "Hitler is treated as an occult phenomenon who came to power at a time of great social upheaval." Lothar Siemens, the opera's co-composer, says he believes Hitler was "a demagogical, talented sect leader who at the time offered his despairing people a faith (even though satanic), a kind of religion."

But doesn't this pop psychology rationale give aid and comfort to the apologists for Hitler? Siemens says firmly that his work not only predates the current pro-Hitler boomlet but is actually anti-fuehrer and strongly opposed to the "wave of Nazi (punk) rock in England and the U.S." Protestations noted.

Continued

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It's called "A Prognosis for America."

In it we mention, for example, efforts to wipe out schistosomiasis, a disabling disease that afflicts millions of people in developing nations.

We mention prostaglandins, an extraordinary class of experimental substances that many hope will be among the "miracle drugs" of the 1980's. Then there's an enzyme that might be able to dissolve blood clots quickly and safely.

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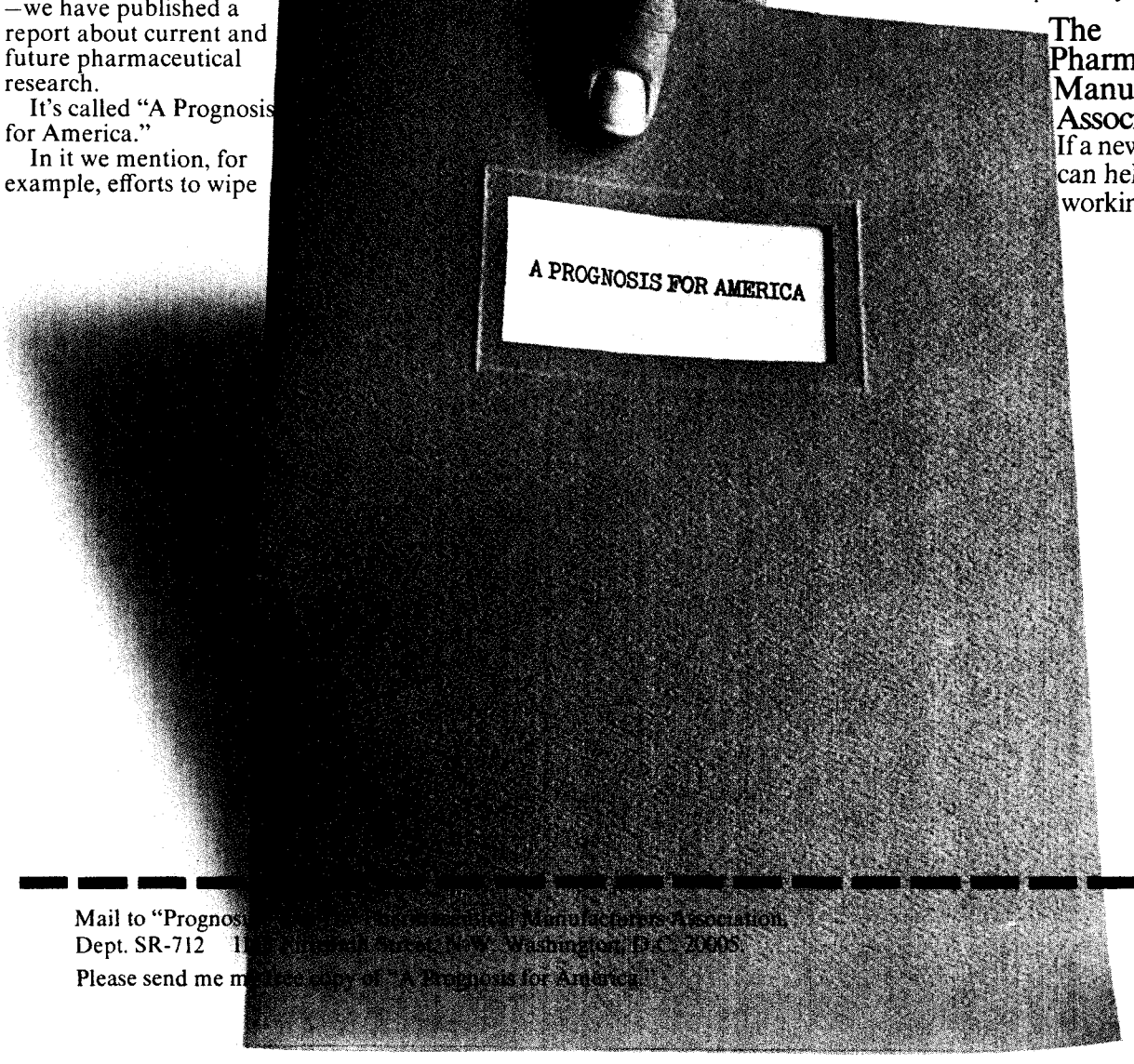

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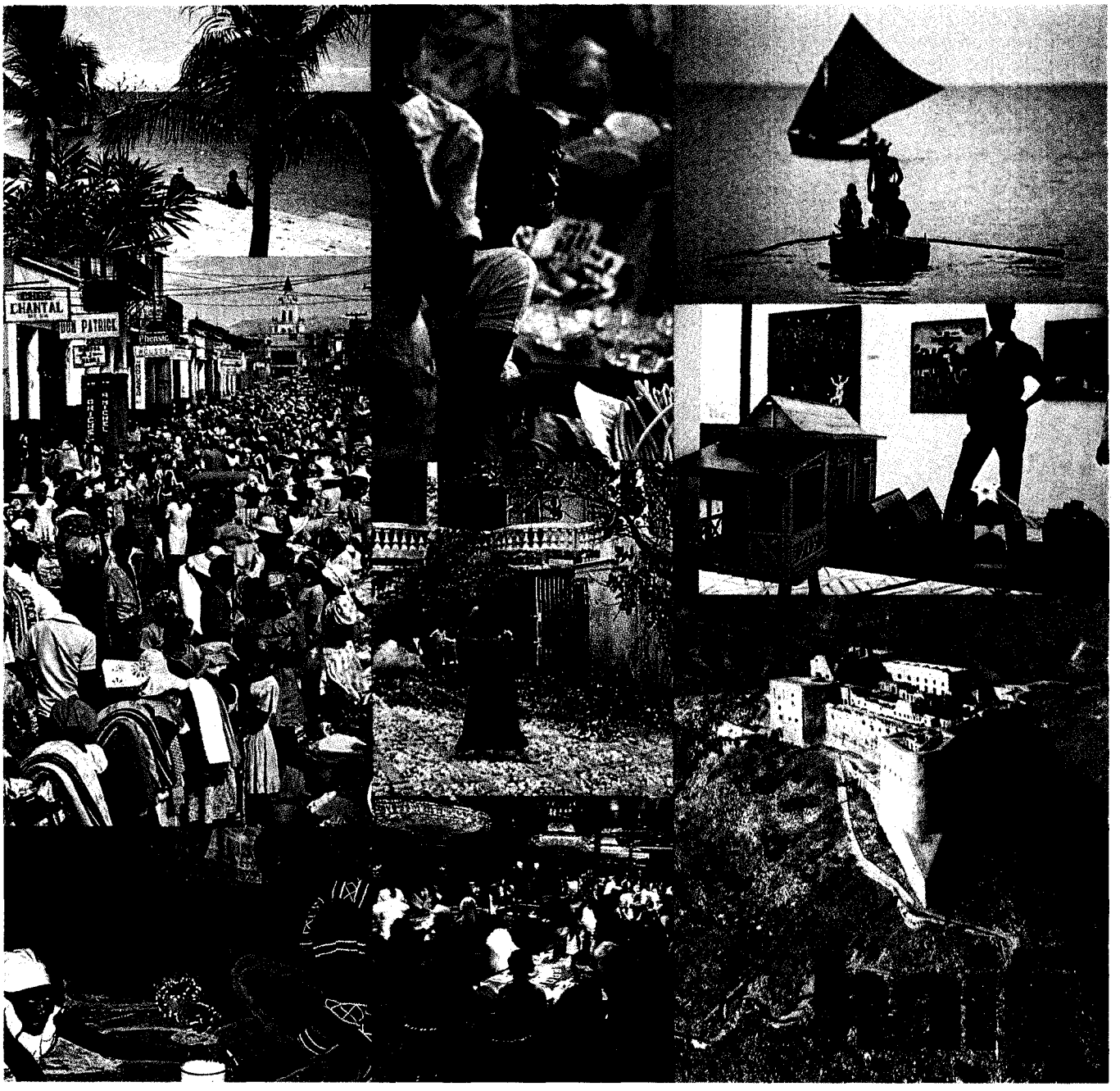

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Carter's Welfare Plan: Nixon Warmed Over?

In spite of what the cynics say, most Americans *would* recognize a good welfare system if they saw one: The able-bodied go to work; the sick and disabled get decent but not extravagant cash allowances; a small band of dedicated bureaucrats administers a simplified set of regulations honestly, efficiently, and cheaply. And as a happy result, the total costs of welfare shrink because more of the taxpayers' dollars actually flow to their intended human targets.

The notorious failure of several Congresses and Presidents to resolve the "welfare mess" (the term is almost obligatory) strongly implies, however, that solutions to the problem are more difficult than they seem.

Less than a decade ago, Richard Nixon, of all people, made a stab at a solution urged on him by his counselor Daniel P. Moynihan (now Democratic senator from New York). Moynihan sweet-talked Nixon into staging a brief reenactment of the role of Disraeli, the Tory who neatly dished the Whigs by stealing their programs. Under Moynihan's scenario, Nixon asked Congress to substitute a national welfare program for the mélange of federal, state, and local regulations and for the funding then and now in operation. His Family Assistance Plan (FAP) set cash benefits at approximately half the 1969 poverty levels—sums substantially above the southern states' benefit levels but appreciably smaller than those in force in more generous northern jurisdictions. Food stamps and Medicaid were to continue to supplement cash. Moreover, welfare clients who found work were guaranteed a percentage of their earnings up to a ceiling figure in addition to their cash grant and other benefits. Although Nixon avoided the term, this earnings-percentage guarantee was a mild version of a negative income tax, a favorite notion of conservative economists, like Chicago's Milton Friedman, and their liberal colleagues, like Yale's James Tobin.

Although the House of Representatives passed FAP in 1969 and again in 1970, the Senate killed the measure each time. Southerners feared that regionally liberal benefits would create shortages of low-wage labor and, in Senator Russell Long's poignant words, make it difficult for them to get their shirts laundered. Northern conservatives suspected that the program would be inordinately expensive because millions of the working poor would be eligible for some aid. On the left, George Wiley's National Welfare Rights Organization and its congressional allies among northern liberals bitterly protested meager benefit levels and erosion of their region's standards. Buffeted from two sides, FAP foundered, and Nixon turned his attention to détente and Watergate.

But here we are again: With significant variations, President Carter's new welfare scheme replays FAP's major themes. For the totally unemployed, cash benefits are set at $4,200, which is 65 percent of the poverty level for a family of four. By 1981, when the program comes into full operation, families with children and a parent capable of work will be guaranteed a minimum income 20 percent above the poverty line in private employment and 13 percent above that line in public slots. Food stamps are eliminated under the plan and several existing job programs are folded into the employment segment of the President's proposal. For those who fail to locate private positions, Carter seeks to create up to 1,400,000 training and public job opportunities.

Has Carter, by pluck and by prayer, turned the trick? Is this, at last, a fiscally prudent, morally virtuous, and socially compassionate welfare plan? Certainly in some important respects it is better than FAP. By combining or eliminating a number of programs, Carter has simplified administration and diminished the danger that an astute welfare family might pyramid cash grants, food stamps, and other benefits into a total income substantially higher than the earnings of fully employed working-class families. Moreover, unlike Nixon, Carter does more than exhort the poor to work: He promises to create jobs for them. Finally, the plan should appreciably lighten the fiscal burden of northern and midwestern urban states and cities.

The plan's defects are as glaring, however, as its virtues. It will cost at least $6 billion more than welfare now does. If the more generous states supplement federal cash grants, they will diminish the size of relief to the local taxpayers. Yet $4,200 does not go very far in New York City or Boston. The job proposal is probably the most vulnerable feature of the new scheme: The new public jobs are to be temporary, with little prospect of promotion; they are pegged (with some exceptions) at the minimum wage level; and they are unprotected by either collective bargaining or civil service rules. Conservatives will perceive these second-class jobs as useless make-work. Liberals will complain that it is unfair to penalize the poor for the failure of the private sector to generate full employment.

The durable Russell Long has already uttered disapproving noises. Blacks and liberals have responded tepidly. National Urban League head Vernon Jordan has described the proposal as "preshrunk" and has strenuously urged Congress to Sanforize it no further. As in FAP, benefit levels are low and the public job program has some nasty punitive overtones.

Still, in the face of a conservative national mood and a conservative national administration, Carter's proposals do appear to march a half step forward. —ROBERT LEKACHMAN

Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of Economics, Lehman College (City University of New York), and author of, among other books, Economists at Bay.

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Saturday Review Honor Roll 1977

A celebration of men and women who by the example of their lives have improved the quality of ours.

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY

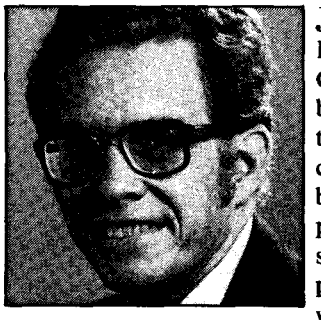
Because he had the stamina and humility, after being tarnished as vice-president during the Vietnam War and then being beaten in a presidential election, to return to public life as the junior senator from Minnesota; because he has continued his career-long interest in America's underprivileged with the Humphrey-Hawkins bill; because he has been a rare friend and counselor to Jimmy Carter; and not least, because he has proved productive as well as cheerful in the face of grave illness.

EDWIN H. LAND

Because he has devoted his life to the development of instant photography; because this year he not only celebrates the thirtieth anniversary of his first demonstration of instant photography but also unveils the first instant movie, the only far-reaching technological development in photography in 1977; because this creative visionary is also chairman, chief executive officer, and director of research at Polaroid Corporation; and finally, because this year Dr. Land was awarded his five-hundredth patent.

PELÉ

Because of his luminous contribution to that long overdue, most happy development—America's discovery of soccer; and because both off the field and on, he sheds sunshine all over the place.



JOHN ELLIS

Because as superintendent of schools in Columbus, Ohio, he consistently rejected bureaucratic rigidities and instead turned to unconventional solutions when conventional wisdom proved inadequate; because, specifically, he refused to send pupils home last winter when fuel supplies ran low, creating instead a program of "school without schools," which used community and media resources to keep learning going; and because his imaginative leadership in the Columbus school system helped win him his current position as deputy U.S. commissioner for education.

ELIZABETH DREW

Because in her book *American Journal* she made sense of the 1976 presidential campaigns by setting politicking in the context of the major ongoing issues, just as she had similarly placed Watergate in perspective in her earlier *Washington Journal*; because during the Ford-Carter debates she asked intelligent, substantial questions that helped to raise the discussions above the usual hoopla of campaign events; because her astute judgments of people and events are cool, ironic, and not influenced by the often overblown accounts written by her press colleagues.

Photographs by Wide World, except Dr. John Ellis (personal photo) and John Fowles by Fay Godwin.

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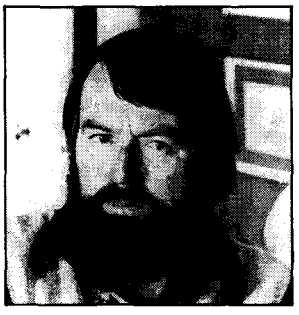
Saturday Review Honor Roll 1977

BEVERLY SILLS

Because her scintillating presence and unusual-for-opera acting abilities have continued to bring new fans to opera; because she has continued to raise her congenitally deaf daughter (who has never heard her mother's voice) as a wonderfully normal child; because last year she shifted her talents to television, starting one of the livelier talk shows; and because this year she has published a charming best-selling autobiography, *Bubbles*, and has continued to give much of her energies to such charitable causes as the March of Dimes.



JOHN FOWLES

Because his spellbinding narratives exude urbanity, charm, and brilliance while addressing themselves to what is worth preserving in human life; because though he insists on an existential world, he infuses it with optimism; because, though awesomely erudite, he is neither ponderous nor vain; and because he has written a masterpiece, *Daniel Martin*.

C. H. LI

Because after starting as a penniless immigrant he became—at the University of California Medical Center in San Francisco—one of the world's leading researchers in biochemical endocrinology; because he has isolated several of the pituitary hormones, most notably the human growth hormone; and because this year, as one of the pioneering searchers for endorphins—the brain's self-made narcotics—he supplied the "beta-endorphin" first administered to human schizophrenic patients.

ANDREW YOUNG

Because in his capacity as U.S. ambassador to the United Nations he has dignified international discourse by saying what he means; because he has had the moral strength and determination to take up the banner of human rights, thereby sharply altering relations between the United States and the Third World; because he was instrumental in breaking the deadlocked negotiations between blacks and whites in Rhodesia; and because he has been able to convince African, Arab, and Asian nations that the United States is a friend, not an enemy.

ARTHUR RUBINSTEIN

Because he has maintained the high standard of excellence that has been associated with his name for more than 50 years; because he has sustained a world reputation as an artist, an individualist, and a savant; and because he has reached the age of ninety not only with his old fame as a pianist intact but with a new fame won for his endearing book, *My Young Years*.

WOODY ALLEN

Because he has combined his talents as filmmaker, writer, and actor to produce a film called *Annie Hall* that moves one to tears as well as to laughter; because he is a comedian who respects the written word; because the schlemiel we all think we know is actually a *mensch* few people see; and finally, because he would love New York even while being mugged and tossed under a subway train.

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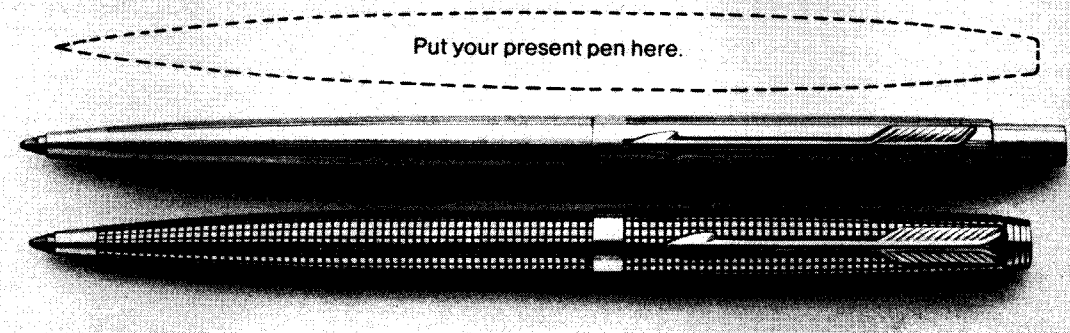
CARE TO COMPARE?



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GOD AND SCIENCE

New Allies in the Search for Values

Both as individuals and as a species on this planet, we have been living for some time in a crisis of human values. Traditionally, we have looked to religion for our moral and ethical guidelines, but our confidence in theology—as well as in philosophy—has been eroded. Science (including technology) has meanwhile pervaded our lives and cultures, bringing us such gifts, benefits, and powers that many of us have looked to science itself for values. But science cannot be the sole provider of these values; moreover, its gifts have not come without a price in hazardous side effects. In fact, a case can be made that science has helped create some of our major contemporary dilemmas, including the crisis in values.

When science first began making inroads on the human mind, it was looked upon as the enemy of religion. More and more, however, the two antagonists have become reconciled to each other; science does not negate religion, and religion may comfortably encompass scientific theories and findings within its purview, as long as religion's dogma is not too absolute and unbending.

The articles here are not presented as consensus views of the topics they deal with (there may be no such consensus views). For instance, not all biologists will agree with Albert Rosenfeld's interpretation of biology as reflecting a purposive thrust outward to the universe, nor will all physicists share Fritjof Capra's conviction that modern physics has brought us to Eastern mysticism. This special section is meant rather to convey a new sense of convergence. It may be that science, working in concert with religion and philosophy, can accelerate that convergence. And it may be that all of us, benefiting from science's advances and challenging religion to renew its former mandate as a moral and an ethical guide, can together create human values that will serve for our chaotic time of transition.

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Marvin Mattelson

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WHEN MAN BECOMES AS GOD

The Biological Prospect

by Albert Rosenfeld

THE CURRENT "biological revolution," as it has rightly been called, happens to come along at the same moment we are all caught up in what has also rightly been called a "crisis in values." The two are curiously related. The biological revolution, on the one hand, contributes to the crisis but, on the other, might also help relieve it—though ethical and moral values usually fall within other provinces, notably that of religion.

Religion deals with human beings and human values—or, one might say, with divine or universal values as they apply to human behavior. A religious outlook does not necessarily (though it does customarily) incorporate a dogmatic theology. It is usually related to people's beliefs about their nature and origins; to the reasons for man's existence; to questions of life, death, and immortality; to man's relationship with his fellow beings; to codes of ethics by which man might guide his everyday conduct; to a sense of the sacred in nature and in life; to man's relationship with the Godhead in all its multifarious characterizations, whether personalized or diffuse.

For those who accept the revealed truth of a given religion, none of this presents a problem. All the answers are in. But for those who cannot so devoutly and explicitly accept revelation with any sense of intellectual or emotional comfort, the search continues.

Those who look to the sciences for answers will be disappointed—that is, if they believe that the sciences alone can provide the values we all seek to guide us through this time of troubles. But it would be a mistake to underrate the contribution the sciences—particularly the biological sciences—can make in this direction. "A coherent credo," wrote Theodosius Dobzhansky, "can neither be derived from science nor arrived at without science."

Biology has much to tell us about our nature and our origins—though, admittedly, not too much about the reasons for our existence. Biology certainly deals with life and death and their changing definitions and, yea, even with immortality; and though it cannot supply ethical and moral codes, its implications can surely influence those who draw them up. Without doubt, too, biology can inculcate in us a sense of the sacred in regard to nature and to life—though many fear, not without grounds, that the new powers being delivered unto us by biology could bring about the opposite result. As for the relationship of the individual to the Godhead, let us not too prematurely rule out biology's capacity to enlighten us even in this supremely nonscientific realm.

Apart from the insight that our rapidly accelerating acquisition of biological knowledge may impart in terms of human values, biology will rate increasing attention from religion—and from politics!—if only because the breakneck pace of its advance will be (and already is) generating a host of novel moral dilemmas. A book of mine on this subject was titled *The Second Genesis: The Coming Control of Life* in order to convey the radical nature of the biomedical revolution. One thing biology is clearly telling us is that the human future will be quite different from the human present, in large part because of the very powers we have half-inadvertently conferred upon ourselves by virtue of our spirited explorations along biology's frontiers. We have not respected any region of knowledge as a no-man's-land. We have not forbidden ourselves fruit from any tree. The ironic result is that we may have to take upon ourselves some godlike prerogatives as we become self-anointed trustees of our own evolution.

IN ONE of the essays in *The Lives of a Cell*, Lewis Thomas speculates on how it must seem, subjectively, for a male moth to come under the influence of the female sex attractant called bombykol. He imagines the female moth releasing at, say, four o'clock on a sunny afternoon, "a brief explosion of bombykol, a single molecule of which will tremble the hairs of any male within miles and send him driving upwind in a confusion of ardor. But it is doubtful," Thomas believes, "if he has an awareness of being caught in an aerosol of chemical attractant. On the contrary, he probably finds suddenly that it has become an excellent day, the weather remarkably bracing, the time appropriate for a bit of exercise of the old wings, a brisk turn upwind. En route, traveling the gradient of bombykol, he notes the presence of other males

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"The sociobiologists' emphasis on the genetic roots of human behavior raises fundamental questions about the human condition— questions that are philosophical, ethical, moral, and ultimately religious."

heading in the same direction, all in a good mood, inclined to race for the sheer sport of it. Then, when he reaches his destination, it may seem to him the most extraordinary of circumstances, the greatest piece of luck: 'Bless my soul, what have we here!' "

Are we humans subject to the same kind of ambiguity in our motivations? Do we, too, more often than we recognize, believe we are acting on our own volition or through sheer happenstance, when in fact we are, all unawares, being acted upon by powerful outside forces? Or by powerful forces that, though inside ourselves, are triggered by some outside event, either capricious or intended?

Consider a striking example: A patient with electrodes planted in different areas of his brain is undergoing an experiment in ESB (electrical stimulation of the brain, done remotely by a push-button device). The electrodes have been implanted for therapeutic purposes only; to implant them merely to satisfy scientific curiosity would of course be ethically unjustifiable. But as long as the patient has the electrodes in anyway, he doesn't mind cooperating in the experiment. The investigator may have observed monkeys under a variety of ESB circumstances. He knows, for instance, that the press of a single button can, by stimulating a given area in a monkey's brain, set in motion a whole series of apparently preprogrammed activities. Moreover, the same complex set of actions is performed in precisely the same order every time that same button is pressed. And the monkey appears to be undisturbed. He goes through all the motions each time as if he had thought of them all himself. But there is no way to converse with the monkey, to ask him if his subjective experience coincides with the investigator's suppositions.

The human subject can of course be asked. And the scientist learns that he can evoke varying moods and emotions, thoughts and memories, by pressing the right buttons, thus stimulating known areas of the brain. The subject reports that he does not *feel* anything when his brain is stimulated; that the evoked mood or emotion, the thought or memory, arises in his mind as if spontaneously; that, in fact, if he did not *know* what was going on, he would have believed that all this mental activity had indeed arisen spontaneously!

We have, to some degree, always recognized that our behavior may be influenced by factors other than logic or reason. Does not Thomas's description of the bombykol-bombed moth remind us of the way a young man's fancy is said to turn in spring, when his hormones are running high? But we think of such behavior as being at least the result of our own moods and emotions. Only over the past few decades have we come to understand how surprisingly much of what we do may be influenced by the kind of creatures we are and especially by the information stored in our genes.

Scientists have become increasingly impressed with the fact that genes not only govern physical characteristics, such as body size and eye color, all the way from fertilized egghood to maturity but they also play a large role in behavior. The pioneers in child development have observed, for example, how strong is the innate thrust of the human organism to crawl, to stand, to walk—skills that do not have to be taught (though parents usually do help hurry them along). Most individual human development would never occur without parental or societal nurture. Even at that, the genetic apparatus must be at hand, otherwise no amount of nurturing could bring forth the desired sequence of events.

The proponents of structural linguistics are convinced we are born, too, with a built-in capacity to understand all human languages—which, they further believe, share a universal grammar. Though some of their contentions are in dispute, most have been widely accepted. Consider the observations carried out by child psychologists in which movies were made of infants responding to their mothers' talk. Meticulous, frame-by-frame analyses of the films have shown that the babies' movements while listening are far from random. They make specific movements tuned with the specific sounds made when the mother is talking—though they cannot understand any of the words. Japanese infants listening to Japanese mothers behave as American infants do—they go through a lovely little dance of arms and legs and facial expressions, except that the specific movements *they* make, listening to the Japanese language, are *different* specific movements. It looks as if these babies' responses are *programmed*, in fact, for *all* human sounds, as if they begin to learn to speak with their bodies before they do with their tongues!

Some biologists, such as George Gaylord Simpson, Gunther Stent, and Bernard Davis, believe that even the potential for human ethical behavior is genetically programmed. (The British biologist C. H. Waddington wrote a book called *The Ethical Animal*—and you know which animal he was talking about.) Carrying the theme yet farther, Edward O. Wilson in 1975 brought out his book *Sociobiology*, a monumental study exploring the genetic bases of social behavior that set off a storm of controversy that has not yet begun to subside.

The turmoil over sociobiology is not a mere rerun of the old heredity versus environment debate, though it is sometimes put in those simplistic terms. Most biologists now recognize that it is virtually impossible to separate the purely genetic from the purely environmental influences.

In fact, our genetic instructions, taken in their entirety, constitute no more than a *framework of opportunity*. They set the rough limits to what we can become. (There is no way an earthworm can grow a pair of blue eyes or a thighbone.) On the other hand, the mere presence of even the most perfect set of genes is no guarantee that their potential will be expressed. A normally begun embryo, for instance, can undergo early spontaneous abortion if the uterine environment turns out to be uncongenial for any of myriad reasons. Birth defects occur all too commonly, even in the absence of any specific "bad gene." Throughout the life of any organism, or of any species, appropriate gene expression occurs only under appropriate circumstances. Hence all biological development is seen to depend upon the *interplay* of genetics and environment.

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"Do we or do we not exercise free will? As for our genetic inheritance, did it come about through blind chance or as the result of some purposive thrust that pervades the universe?"

But putting the old opponents together in contrapuntal harmony still does not solve the essential dilemma: Is our behavior, and our destiny as well, predetermined, and thus controlled, by our genes (though they can only function in a proper setting)? How like are we to the moth responding to bombykol—though the stimuli to which we respond are infinitely more complex? Do we or do we not exercise free will? As for our genetic inheritance, did it come about through blind chance or as the result of some purposive thrust that pervades the universe?

CONSIDERATIONS such as these have helped put genetics at stage center in today's biology. This could not have come to pass, of course, without the startling quantity of new and detailed knowledge we have come to possess about genes—about many of life's processes, for that matter—at the molecular level. We have learned that the genes are made of DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid). We know not only DNA's molecular configurations but the chemical code in which its genetic instructions are written, and we have learned to some small degree to take it apart and put it back together again. We have also devised an array of techniques that permit us, again to a most limited extent, to snip genes off one place and put them back elsewhere—even in another creature. More than that, we are rapidly compiling clues as to how the proteins intimately bound with the DNA in the cell's chromosomes act to regulate genes, to switch them on and off at the appropriate time. All this may herald the beginning of genetic engineering, the partial basis for my earlier claim that we may become the trustees of our own further evolution.

Inherent in this molecular biology is a large spin-off potential for all the biomedical sciences—for immunology, for birth defects, for cancer, for aging and all the degenerative diseases, even for some categories of mental illness—not to mention agriculture and the potential for new food and energy sources. Inherent in it also are risks and worries; hence the current furor over manipulating genes into "recombinant DNA" [see *SR*, "A Splice of Life," October 15] and the suggestions from some quarters that it might be wicked to do research in genetics at all. Beyond these concerns, the sociobiologists' emphasis on the genetic roots of human behavior raises fundamental questions about the human condition—past, present, and future—questions that are philosophical, ethical, moral, and ultimately religious.

Genetics is of course closely intertwined with evolutionary theory. Evolution has lately come under fire again, especially from the creationists —those who believe the world did not evolve, but was created at a stroke by God or some other universal force. Nevertheless, the vast majority of biologists still believe that the evidence for evolution is overwhelming, and evolution—as updated and revised in recent years—is still generally accepted as the process by which humankind came into existence.

Thus biology teaches us that our origins were in the earth itself, that we evolved from lower organisms that, somewhere way back, themselves evolved from inanimate matter in the peculiar climatic circumstances of our planet's primordial history. This chain of presumptive events has always been looked upon with outrage and distaste by many opponents (and perhaps by *proponents*) of evolution, in Darwin's day as today. But others have found it a retrospect to marvel at. "I take a jealous pride in my Simian ancestry," wrote the British biologist W.N.P. Barbellion, early in this century. "I like to think that I was once a magnificent hairy fellow living in the trees, and that my frame has come down through geological time via sea jelly and worms and Amphioxius, Fish, Dinosaurs and Apes. Who would exchange these for the pallid couple in the Garden of Eden?"

This picture of the past also delights those who espouse the materialist, or mechanist, school of philosophy. In contrast to the vitalists, with whom they have carried on a running philosophical battle, the materialists argue that all life and spirit are made of nothing but matter and that their existence is dependent upon the inanimate matter from which they derive and the way it is organized. Evolution, along with other theories and discoveries in biology, seems to support this view. But the materialists exult too soon. "I would say," wrote Loren Eiseley in *The Immense Journey*, "that if 'dead' matter has reared up this curious landscape of fiddling crickets, song sparrows, and wandering men, it must be plain even to the most devoted materialist that the matter of which he speaks contains amazing, if not dreadful, powers and may not impossibly be, as Hardy has suggested, 'but one mask of many worn by the Great Face behind.' "

True enough, the building blocks of living molecules have been produced in the laboratory by subjecting inanimate materials to the simulated conditions presumed to exist in the earth's early atmosphere. And it is freely predicted that one day scientists will go all the way to create life in the laboratory. Would that feat, then, permit the materialists to claim victory? Not at all, for the same reasons implied by Eiseley: If life can be made from nonlife, then terms such as "nonlife" and "inanimate" were inappropriate all along. It would not prove that life and spirit are nothing but matter, but rather that life and spirit inhere in the atoms of rocks and the fires of stars.

Moreover, the acceptance of an evolutionary process does not necessarily imply, as it once did, a tooth-and-claw version of history. In fact, the sociobiologists (whom I certainly do not consider beyond criticism, be it noted, lest my failure to criticize be read as an unqualified endorsement) seek to prove that altruism has survival value and is therefore also built into our genetic program. Nor does acceptance automatically imply a belief in purely random chance combinations over the entire route—though it is my impression that this is still what most scientists do believe. In the recent past, the scientific-humanist movement, as exemplified by the late Sir Julian Huxley, had discerned an evolutionary thrust in history. So had Père Teilhard de Chardin, who worked out an evolutionary ethic, with the history of the universe moving toward an ever higher and more complex organization, directly contradicting the second law of thermodynamics. More contem-

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"We have not forbidden ourselves fruit from any tree. The ironic result is that we may have to take upon ourselves some godlike prerogatives as we become the self-anointed trustees of our own further evolution."

porarily, scientists such as Jonas Salk have similarly opted for an evolution-based ethic. In *The Survival of the Wisest*, Salk describes what he considers to be our current, inexorable (though modifiable) movement into "Epoch B." He calls the era we are now entering by that name in order to underline its sharp discontinuity with "Epoch A," which encompasses all of history until now. To survive in Epoch B, says Salk, will require not only fitness but also wisdom. He believes we will evolve toward the necessary wisdom if we are so motivated. (And will the motivation, too, come from our genes?) Though Salk refers to the evolutionary process as "nature's game," others—who can accept evolution quite comfortably not as a contradiction of the creation, but rather as a broad interpretation of it as the divine method for bringing creation about—might wish to call it God's design.

Teilhard, a Jesuit priest as well as a scientist, was of course religion oriented. But the agnostic Huxley, too, was consciously moving toward what he called a "religion without revelation"; he even wrote a book so titled. As for Salk, I was present at a recent international conference where he gave a detailed presentation of his evolutionary Epoch B philosophy and the values it implied. When he had finished, one of the other conferees commented, "Dr. Salk, though you never used the word God, you have presented what appears to be a fairly complete theology!"

Does this grand, visionary sweep of evolution constitute one more purely deterministic view, with the human species carried along helpless in evolution's genetic grip? (Edward O. Wilson has suggested that "the organism does not live for itself. Its primary function is not even to reproduce other organisms; it reproduces genes, and it serves as their temporary carrier....") Or can human beings hope to make a contribution, to influence the course of events?

I believe that Teilhard, Huxley, and Salk—and Wilson, for that matter—would all say no to the first question, yes to the second. "The evolution of the universe," wrote Dobzhansky, in *The Biology of Ultimate Concern*, "must be conceived of as having been in some sense a struggle for the gradual emergence of freedom." I have recently suggested myself (in *Modern Medicine*), with unabashed hubris, that nature's game so far may have been to arrive at us, to evolve biologically a creature capable of evolving culturally, a being who might qualify himself to take over his own evolutionary process. If such a surmise were valid, it would mean that the game is open-ended and that we are free to carry it anywhere we like, bound only by nature's own limitations.

IN THIS sketchiest of overviews of a subject as broad and complex as biology—and then only that part of the subject interfacing with areas usually considered outside its concerns—my intention has been to offer a purely impressionistic idea of the ways in which biology can be useful in the search for values. I have not even touched on the profound insights that our studies in immunology have provided as to how the self distinguishes itself from the non-self. Nor on the proliferating data of neurobiology, with its new understanding of how we perceive ourselves and, through our own perceptual apparatus, the world. Nor on aging research and the quest for prolongevity, with its prospect of conquering old age and extending the human life-span. All these explorations and more have been giving us a clearer idea of the kind of creatures we are and might become. And the clearer such idea biology can provide, the more help it can offer in formulating values to live by for the creature in question—values that, in the nature of things, will themselves continue to evolve.

I would certainly not try to build a set of values solely out of biology. Even if I tried very hard, I know I could not. People more qualified than I have made the attempt and failed. For one thing, though I have emphasized how much we have been learning about biology, there is still incomparably more that we have *not* learned and may never learn. To illustrate the vastness of the gap between what we know and what we do not, I draw once more upon Lewis Thomas.

If the nations of the world were to find themselves on the brink of nuclear confrontation, Thomas says he might suggest that "we defer further action until we have acquired a really complete set of information concerning at least one living thing." And he modestly proposes not a complex organism such as one of our own species, but rather the protozoan *Myxotricha paradoxa*, which dwells in the digestive tract of the Australian termite. Though *Myxotricha* is a tiny creature about which we already know a lot, relatively speaking, Thomas would allow a full decade for the undertaking: "We and other nations might set it as an objective of international collaborative science to achieve a complete understanding of a single form of life. When this is done, and the information programmed into all our computers, I for one would be willing to take my chances." Thomas obviously believes that even after 10 years of this massive, worldwide, computer-assisted effort, we would still not have learned all there is to know about *Myxotricha*! How much less, then, can we already have learned without the help of all the world's scientists and all its computers about all of life on earth—not to mention the possibility of life elsewhere?

TO PUT MATTERS back into more immediate and practical perspective, however, we have learned quite an impressive lot about biology, including all of the biomedical sciences; and this knowledge, as I mentioned earlier, has already given rise to a variety of new and knotty dilemmas. With the rapid movement of discoveries and biotechnologies from the laboratory and research clinic into the hospital and doctor's office, many questions that were startlingly novel only a few years ago have already become commonplace: Under what conditions may experiments with human subjects be carried out? When a genetic defect turns up, does the rest of the family have a right to know, even if the patient objects? What are the rights, if any, of the fetus? When may a terminal patient be allowed to "die with dignity"? Who is authorized to turn off the life-supporting machinery when only "artificial" life remains? With the capacity to restart stopped hearts as well as stopped breaths (both conditions that once served

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"If life can be made from nonlife... it would not prove that life and spirit are nothing but matter, but rather that life and spirit inhere in the atoms of rocks and the fires of stars."

as sufficient criteria to pronounce death) and with transplant surgeons waiting to remove organs from cadavers as soon as it can be safely ascertained that they *are* cadavers, what are the new standards for defining death? Under what conditions can organs be donated, and by whom? When, if ever, is it ethical to perform psychosurgery—that is, brain surgery for the express purpose of modifying behavior? One could go on and on with the catalog. Such questions, usually medically associated, are far from solved; they are, however, being adequately pondered and dealt with by the full-time practitioners of the sturdy new discipline called bioethics and its handmaid, thanatology.

Other capabilities seem more futuristic. Though human eggs have already been fertilized in vitro, for instance, they have never been taken very far along the road of embryonic development, and the actual production of babies in vitro, as in *Brave New World*, is not a question that overly preoccupies the bioethicists, who are busy coping with real, right-now problems. The same is true of cloning, the still hypothetical capacity (though it has been accomplished to a degree in lower organisms) to grow from a mature human cell another whole person who would be the genetic twin of the cell donor. A cautionary note, however: Feats that seem purely speculative have a way of suddenly being upon us sooner than anyone had expected. When I was predicting in the 1960s, in the face of much skepticism, that we would soon be learning to recombine DNA molecules, even I would not have been brash enough to suggest that in the 1970s we would learn so soon and so well that recombinant DNA is not only a biological fact but a major political issue. (I am faced with much of the same skepticism in regard to my current forecasts that before too many more decades are out, gerontologists will succeed in discovering the basic mechanisms of the aging process. We'll see.)

In the controversy over recombinant DNA research, there is general agreement on at least two key matters: that there may indeed be some hazard in inserting alien genes into bacteria, and that the research must be undertaken only under proper safety conditions. The National Institutes of Health has already established a set of guidelines that most scientists seem to find reasonably acceptable in our present state of knowledge. But questions abound: Are the guidelines too strict? Not strict enough? Should they be voluntary, or should they be given the force of law? How does one, in any case, weigh benefits against risks when both benefits and risks are in most cases still conjectural? Should the public have a say in such decisions? How much say, and how soon? Who decides? And, as social scientist Donald Michael likes to ask: Who decides who decides?

Some feel that the research should not be done at all. In fact, the recombinant DNA issue has been seized upon as an opportunity to inveigh against all such tampering with life, especially with genetic information, as being in some deep sense immoral.

Until now, free inquiry has been a taken-for-granted scientific principle. The general rule of thumb has been that a scientist doing basic research may proceed pretty much as he pleases without consulting anyone except those who provide the funds. In this context, only when scientific findings begin to be applied do questions arise as to consequences. (Testing the hypothesis $E=mc^2$ over Hiroshima does not count as "inquiry.") All this may now change, thanks to research such as the recombinant DNA experiments, in which the inquiry itself may be hazardous. In this revised state of affairs, I certainly advocate that the public have a strong voice in policy-making; though to make an intelligent participatory decision, we must be given all the available and pertinent information. I do not believe that scientists should decide for the public what risks we should be subjected to or that ethicists (or any other group) should decide for us what risks we should be protected from. We know that no such thing as a zero-risk situation exists in this life. Properly informed, I believe that lay people are quite capable of weighing benefits against risks—and that they will usually decide to take some risks in order to gain desired benefits.

At least, that would be my hope. We need to have some more of that missing knowledge—not just about *Myxotricha*, but about all of life's processes, especially its genetic processes. Some believe that we should not only refrain from doing genetic research but that we should refrain even from forming hypotheses about genetics. If we form a hypothesis, the argument goes, someone will want to test it, and therein lies mischief. Mischief may lie even in the theorizing itself—as in the case of the notorious XYY gene, which is said possibly to endow its recipient with criminal tendencies, or in the notion that differences in IQ scores may be due to genetic inheritance. Moreover, the possibility of a "genetic fix" may encourage people to continue their scandalous neglect of the social and environmental factors that are more often at fault. These concerns are not imaginary, and they deserve a full airing. But to draw back in fear from knowledge when we are at the threshold of knowing so much more would, in my view, be tragic.

I surely agree that it would be immoral to proceed with any potentially hazardous research without carefully weighing the consequences and options; without taking every possible step to ensure both physical safety and adequate ethical deliberations and debates, with full public participation. But once this is done, I think it would be even more unethical to keep important research from being carried out or delayed unnecessarily for unconscionably long periods of time. Millions of sick people need the knowledge, now and in future generations. Shall we condemn them (and "them" includes us and our children) to a continuation of their aches and ills, old and new (new diseases do keep appearing), when there are remedies and preventives to be found? It is interesting to note that the individual who militantly seeks to have the quest for knowledge brought to a halt is often the same individual who is outraged by the sociobiological suggestion that we are more controlled by our genes than we realize. We *are* more controlled by our genes than we have realized; therefore, the more we discover about the mechanisms of genetic control,

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the better equipped we will be to escape those controls through our enhanced awareness, to transcend them so that we may, for the first time in our history, work for ourselves instead of for our genes, exercise truly free will and free choice, give free reign to our minds and spirits, attain something close to our full humanhood. Or would we rather hang on to our "natural" innocence and remain as carefree as, well, say, a moth racing upwind?

BIOLOGY still deals not only with molecules but with whole organisms. And the biomedical sciences have lately turned their attention once again to the whole human being. Thus, at the same time that we have been calculating the quantum mechanics of the electrons' jumping orbits in the atoms at the active sites of our enzymes and following, as cellular epidemiologists, the bewildering migrations of molecules whose populations are amazingly diverse in character, we have also been investigating anew the totality of the orchestration. There is new emphasis in some areas of the neurosciences and of holistic medicine (some insist on calling it holistic *health*) not only on objective measurements but on subjective experiences. There are attempts, some of them successful, to control the involuntary systems of the body through biofeedback and other techniques. There are serious experiments—which once would have been laughed out of any laboratory—to put the meditative self into more direct contact with its surroundings, with what might be described in mystical terms as the cosmic force (shades of *Star Wars*!), though I have not heard such terminology used except in some of the farther corners of the "consciousness" movement. But there is a genuine and widespread interest in the idea of directly experiencing life with the whole "mind-body system"—of putting our formerly fragmented selves back together again—and of respecting and appreciating our place in nature, our relationship with our earth and universe. All this still rather unfocused activity is influenced at least in part by the human potential movement in psychology as well as by the general ecological awareness brought home by evangelizing environmentalists. Everything from the Club of Rome report on the finiteness of our planetary resources to that photograph telemetered back from the moon of the blue-green earth floating in darkest space has conspired to remind us of the vulnerability, and the irreplaceability, of our biosphere and global ecosystems. Even if we begin moving more purposefully out into space—which I trust we will do—the earth will be our home for a long time to come.

René Dubos strikes the contemporary chord when he urges us to develop an almost religious sense of symbiosis with the earth. "The goal of this relationship," he writes in *Science*, "is not the maintenance of the status quo, but the emergence of new phenomena and new values. Millennia of experience show that by entering into a symbiotic relationship with nature, humankind can invent and generate futures not predictable from the deterministic order of things, and thus can engage in a continuous process of creation." ◉

Albert Rosenfeld, science editor of SR, *is the author of* Prolongevity *and* The Second Genesis: The Coming Control of Life *and is editor of the just published* Mind and Supermind: A Saturday Review Report.

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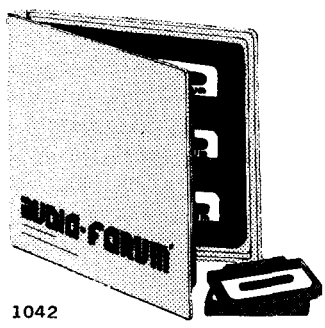

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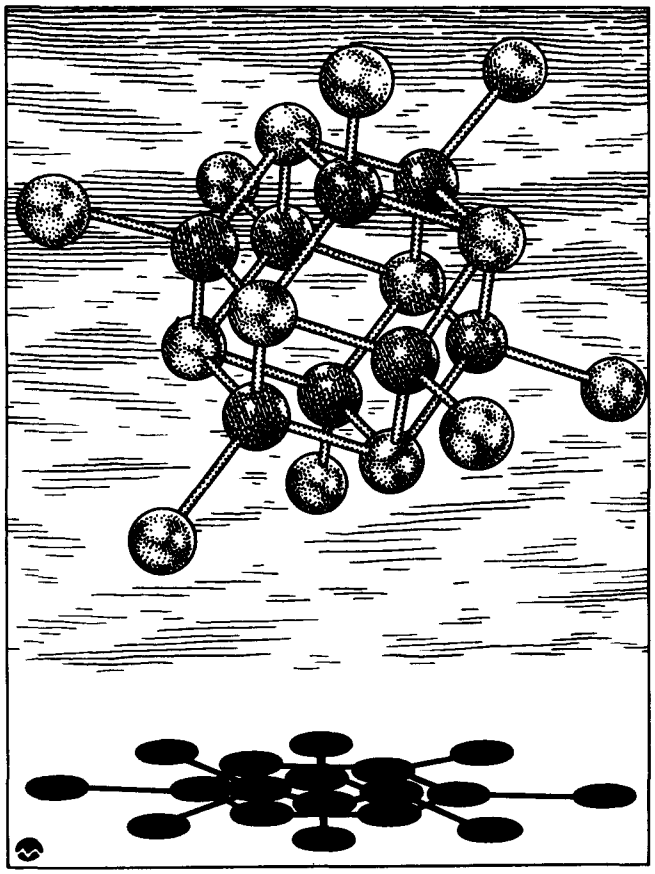
THE TAO OF PHYSICS: Reflections on the Cosmic Dance

by Fritjof Capra



THE RECENT CONVERGENCE of science and religion is nowhere more evident than in the realm of physics—though this development has caught many a physicist and many a mystic completely by surprise. Yet to those few thinkers who are knowledgeable both in Western science and in Eastern thought, the convergence has long seemed inevitable.

It has, after all, long been recognized that the human mind is capable of two kinds of knowledge, or two modes of consciousness, that have often been termed "the rational" and "the intuitive." In the Western world, the rational has traditionally been associated with science, and the intuitive with religion. They have often been depicted as two opposing forces and have, in fact, often been "at war" [see article on page 29]. The Chinese have called these two modes the *yang* (the rational) and the *yin* (the intuitive)—neither of them belonging to separate categories but always being seen, rather, as two sides of the same reality or as polar areas of a single whole. In the Chinese view, all manifestations of reality, including the manifestations of human nature, are generated by the dynamic interplay between these polar forces that evolves in endless cycles. It has been written that "the *yang* having reached its climax retreats in favor of the *yin*; the *yin* having reached its climax retreats in favor of the *yang*."

For the most part, the term "Eastern mysticism" as it is used here refers to the religious philosophies of Hinduism, Buddhism, and Taoism. Although these traditions differ in many aspects, the basic features of their world views are the same. These views are not limited to the East but can be found, to some extent, in all mystically oriented philosophies. Mystical traditions are present in all religions—including, of course, Christianity and Judaism—and mystical elements are found in many schools of Western philosophy. The parallels to modern physics, therefore, appear not only in the *Vedas* of Hinduism, in the *I Ching*, and in the Buddhist sutras but also, for example, in the fragments of Heraclitus, in the Sufism of Iba Arabi, the writings of Meister Eckhart, the teachings of Gurdjieff, and the teachings of the Yaqui sorcerer Don Juan. The difference between Eastern and Western mysticism is that mystical schools have always played a marginal role in the West, whereas they constitute the mainstream of Eastern philosophical and religious thought.

Now all this is very interesting, but do such seemingly tenuous ideas have any place in, say, the physics lab? Physics has, after all, traditionally been looked upon as the hardest of the "hard" sciences. Traditional physics dealt with real things, with substantial, no-nonsense entities. It was grounded in experiments that were precisely measurable and duplicable, and it was expressed in the highly sophisticated language of modern mathematics. Physics worked; it provided exact solutions and made predictions one could count on, whether in building bridges or going to the moon. All other sciences began to rate their own hardness—that is, how truly "scientific" they could claim to be—by comparing themselves to physics: The closer they were to the hard ideal (chemistry, astronomy, some aspects of biology), the more scientific they were deemed to be; the less their techniques could produce exact, measurable results (psychology, sociology, economics), the "softer" they were as sciences.

It is thus ironic that physics, that extreme specialization of the rational mind, should be the science that has now led us to mysticism. For the similarities between the fundamental concepts of modern physics and the basic ideas of the mystical traditions, especially those of the Far East, turn out to be quite striking. Mystical thought, in fact, provides a consistent and relevant philosophical background to the theories of contemporary science, a conception of the world in which scien-

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"To see the nucleus, we would have to blow up the atom to the size of a huge dome, say, the Houston Astrodome. In an atom of that size, the nucleus would be the size of a grain of salt!"

tific discoveries can be in perfect harmony with spiritual aims and religious beliefs. More than that, I am suggesting that the implications of modern physics go far beyond technology, that the way—or *Tao*—of physics can be a way to spiritual knowledge and self-realization.

The world view that was changed by the discoveries of modern physics had been a mechanistic one. It had had its roots in the philosophy of the Greek atomists—Democritus, Leucippus, and others—who saw matter as being made of several "basic building blocks," or atoms, that are purely passive and intrinsically dead. They were thought to be moved by some external force that was often assumed to be of spiritual origin and thus fundamentally different from matter. This image became an essential part of the Western way of thinking. It gave rise to the dualism between spirit and matter—between the mind and the body—that is characteristic of Western thought. This dualism was formulated in its sharpest form in the philosophy of Descartes, who based his view of nature on its fundamental division into two separate and independent realms, that of mind (*res cogitans*) and that of matter (*res extensa*). The Cartesian division allowed scientists to treat matter as dead and completely separate from themselves and to see the material world as a multitude of different objects assembled into a huge machine. Such a mechanistic world view was held by Newton, who constructed his mechanics on its basis and made it the foundation of classical physics.

Opposed to this now superseded, Newtonian-mechanistic conception of the world is the view of Eastern mystics. This view may be characterized by words like "organic," "holistic," or "ecological," since it regards all phenomena in the universe as integral parts of an inseparable, harmonious whole. For the Eastern mystic, all things and events perceived by the senses are interrelated and are but different aspects or manifestations *of the same ultimate reality.* By contrast, our Western tendency is to divide the perceived world into individual things. This division of nature into separate objects is, of course, useful and necessary if we are to cope with our everyday environment. However, it is not a fundamental feature of reality. For the Eastern mystic, objects have a fluid and ever-changing character. The Eastern world view is intrinsically dynamic and contains time and change as essential features. The cosmos is seen as one inseparable reality—forever in motion, alive, organic, spiritual and material at the same time.

During the first few centuries of the modern era, Western science produced a veritable cornucopia of practical benefits. As it went from triumph to triumph, it seemed to outstrip and totally discredit the Eastern mystical outlook. But, paradoxically, its onrushing advances began to bring into question the very mechanistic assumptions on which Western physics had been based. At the turn of this century, experimental investigation of atoms gave sensational and totally unexpected results. Far from being the hard and solid particles they were believed to be since antiquity, atoms turned out to consist of vast regions of empty space in which extremely small particles, electrons, moved around the nucleus—which contained the particles known as nucleons (protons and neutrons). It is not easy to get a feeling of the magnitude of atoms, so far removed are they from our macroscopic (human-size) scale. The diameter of an atom is about one hundred millionth of an inch. To visualize this diminutive size, try the following: Imagine an orange blown up to the size of the earth. The atoms in the enlarged orange will then be as big as cherries.

An atom, therefore, is extremely small compared to macroscopic objects, but it is huge compared to the nucleus in its center. Even in a cherry-size atom, the nucleus would be invisible. If we blew up the atom to the size of a *room*, the nucleus would still be too small to be seen by the naked eye! To see the nucleus, we would have to blow up the atom to the size of a huge dome, say, the Houston Astrodome. In an atom of that size, the nucleus would be the size of a grain of salt! A grain of salt in the middle of the Astrodome and specks of dust whirling around in the vast space of the dome—this is how we can picture the nucleus and electrons of an atom.

ATOMIC PHYSICS, therefore, showed that matter is concentrated in tiny particles—protons and neutrons in the nucleus and electrons whirling around it. When quantum theory, the theoretical foundation of atomic physics, was worked out in the 1920s, it became clear that even the subatomic particles were nothing like the solid objects envisioned by classical physics. The subatomic units of matter are, we know now, very abstract entities. Depending on how we look at them, they appear sometimes as particles, sometimes as waves. This dual aspect of matter was extremely puzzling. The picture of a wave that is always spread out in space is fundamentally different from the picture of a particle, which implies a sharp location.

The apparent contradiction was finally resolved in a completely unexpected way that dealt a blow to the very foundation of the mechanistic world view—the concept that matter is real. At the subatomic level, it was found, matter does not exist with certainty at definite pinpointable places but rather shows "tendencies to exist." These tendencies are expressed in quantum theory as probabilities, and the corresponding mathematical quantities take the form of waves; they are similar to the mathematical forms used to describe, for instance, a vibrating guitar string or a sound wave. This is why particles can be waves at the same time. They are not "real" three-dimensional waves like sound waves or water waves. They are "probability waves," abstract mathematical quantities related to the probabilities of finding the particles at particular points in space and at particular times.

At the atomic level, then, the solid-material objects of classical physics dissolve into wavelike patterns of probabilities. These patterns, furthermore, do not represent probabilities of things, but rather probabilities of interconnections. A careful analysis of the *process of observation* itself shows that the subatomic particles have no meaning as isolated entities; they can only be understood as interconnections between the preparation of an experiment and the subsequent measurement.

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"I am suggesting that the implications of modern physics go far beyond technology; that the way—or Tao—of physics can be a way to spiritual knowledge and self-realization."

Subatomic particles are not "things" but interconnections between things that are also interconnections between other things, and so on. In atomic physics, you never end up with any things at all; you always end up with interconnections. This is of course difficult for our minds to grasp, accustomed as they are to visualizing concrete pictures; it's hard to describe, in words, a *non*-thing.

Nevertheless, the mathematical language of quantum theory convincingly reveals the basic oneness of the universe. It shows that we cannot decompose the world into independently existing, smallest units. As we penetrate into matter, nature does not show us any isolated basic building blocks but rather appears as a complicated web of relations between the various parts of a unified whole. In the words of Werner Heisenberg, one of the founders of quantum theory:

> The world thus appears as a complicated tissue of events, in which connections of different kinds alternate or overlap or combine and thereby determine the texture of the whole.

This is just the way the Eastern mystics experience the world, and they often express their experience in words almost identical to those used by atomic physicists. Take, for example, the following quotation from a Tibetan Buddhist, Lama Govinda:

> The external world and his inner world are for [the Buddhist] only two sides of the same fabric, in which the threads of all forces and of all events, of all forms of consciousness and of their objects, are woven into an inseparable net of endless, mutually conditioned relations.

The fact that matter at the atomic level appears both as particles and as wave patterns implies not only an essential interconnectedness of all phenomena but also a very peculiar behavior of subatomic particles. Whenever they are confined to some region in space, they react to this confinement by moving around. The smaller the area of confinement, the faster the particles jiggle around in it. This is a typical "quantum effect," a feature of the subatomic world that has no analogy in the human-size world. The more you confine a particle, the faster it moves around.

The quantum view implies, in short, that matter is fundamentally restless. Most of the material particles are confined by the molecular, atomic, and nuclear structures, and therefore they have an inherent tendency to move about. According to quantum theory, matter is never quiescent but always in a state of motion. Macroscopically, the material objects around us may seem passive and inert, but when we magnify a "dead" piece of stone or metal, we see that it is full of activity. The closer we look at it, the more alive it appears. All the material objects in our environment are made of atoms that link up with each other in various ways to form an enormous variety of molecular structures. These structures are not rigid and motionless, but vibrate according to their temperature and in harmony with the thermal vibrations of their environment. In the vibrating atoms, the electrons are bound to the nuclei by electrical forces that try to keep them as close as possible, and they respond to this confinement by whirling around extremely fast. In the nuclei, finally, the protons and neutrons are pressed into a minute volume by the strong nuclear forces, and consequently they race about with unimaginable velocities.

Modern physics thus pictures matter as being in a continuous dancing and vibrating motion whose rhythmic patterns are determined by the molecular, atomic, and nuclear structures. But this is also the way in which the Eastern mystics see the material world. They all emphasize that the universe has to be grasped dynamically as it moves, vibrates, and dances; that nature is not in a static equilibrium, but that it is in a dynamic one. The following words from a Taoist text convey, in a very beautiful, poetic way, exactly the message we get from modern atomic physics:

> The stillness in stillness is not the real stillness. Only when there is stillness in movement can the spiritual rhythm appear which pervades heaven and earth.

In the atomic nucleus, the velocities of the protons and neutrons are often so high that they come close to the speed of light. This fact is crucial for the description of nuclear phenomena because any description of natural phenomena involving such high velocities has to take into account Einstein's theory of relativity. It has to be, as we say, a "relativistic" description. This brings me now to the second basic theory of modern physics, relativity theory—one that has brought about a drastic change in our concepts of space and time. It has shown us that space is not three dimensional and that time is not a separate entity. Both are intimately and inseparably connected and form a four-dimensional continuum called "space-time." In relativity theory, we can never talk about one without talking about the other. We have now been living with relativity theory for a long time, and we have become thoroughly familiar with its mathematical formalism. But this has not helped our intuition very much. We have no direct sensory experience of four-dimensional space-time, and whenever this relativistic reality manifests itself—for instance, in all situations where high velocities are involved—we find it very hard to deal with at the level of intuition and ordinary language.

A similar situation seems to exist in Eastern mysticism. The mystics seem able to attain nonordinary states of consciousness in which they transcend the three-dimensional world of everyday life to experience a higher, multidimensional reality—a reality that, like that of relativity theory, is impossible to describe in ordinary language. Lama Govinda talks about this experience when he writes:

> An experience of higher dimensionality is achieved by integration of experiences of different centres and levels of consciousness. Hence the indescribability of certain experiences of meditation on the plane of three-dimensional consciousness.

The dimensions of these states of consciousness may not be the same as the ones we are dealing with in relativity theory,

Continued on page 28

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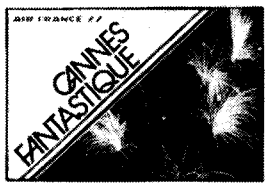

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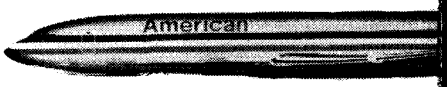

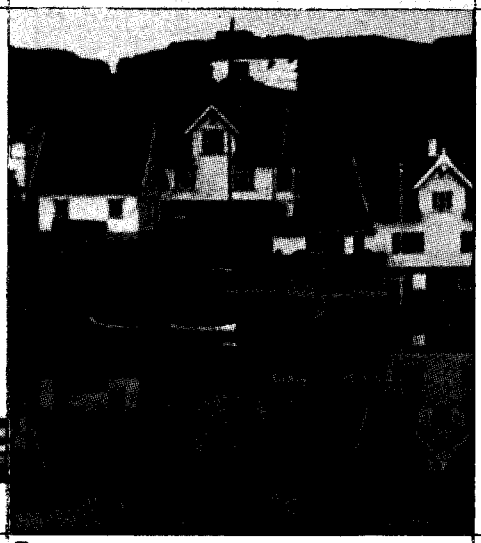

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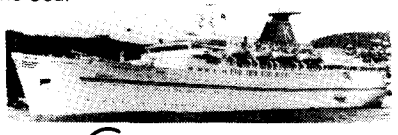

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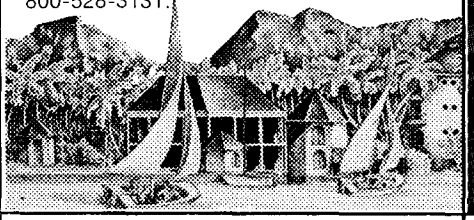

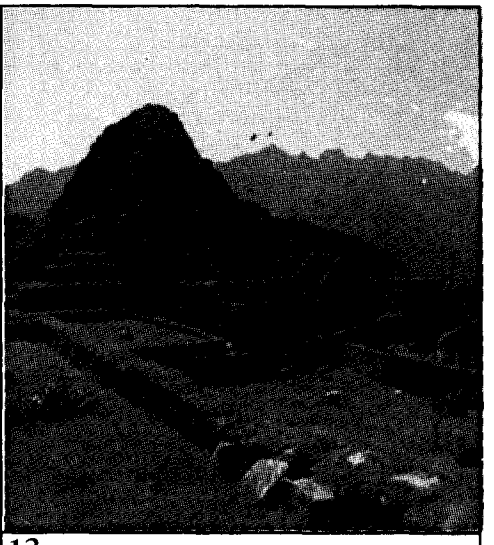

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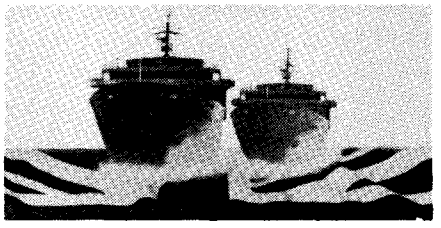

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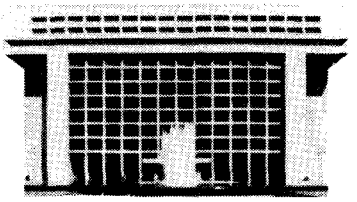

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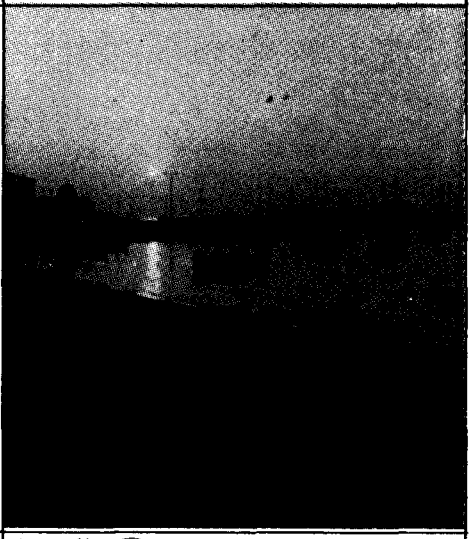

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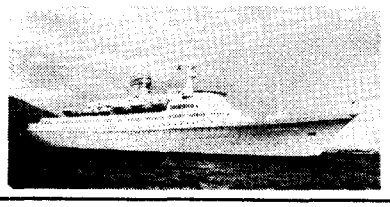

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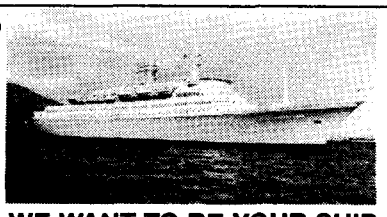

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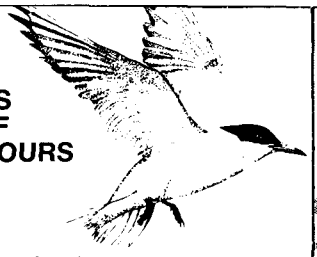

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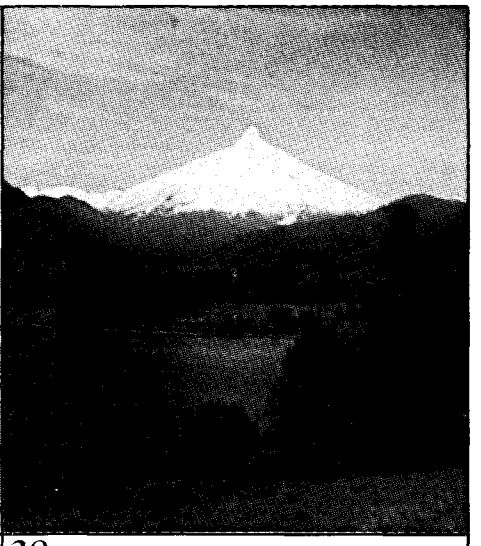

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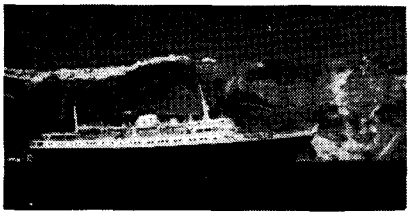

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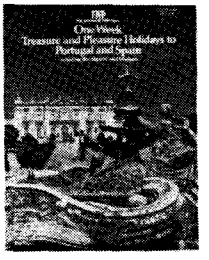

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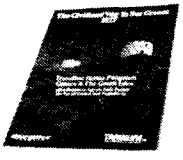

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but it is striking that they have led mystics toward notions of space and time that are very similar to those implied by relativity theory. Throughout Eastern mysticism, there seems to be a strong intuition for the space-time character of reality. The fact that space and time are inseparably linked, which is so characteristic of relativistic physics, is stressed again and again. The Buddhist scholar D. T. Suzuki, for example, writes:

> As a fact of pure experience, there is no space without time, no time without space.

In physics, the concepts of space and time are so basic for the description of natural phenomena that their modification entails a modification of the whole framework we use to describe nature. The most important consequence of this modification is the realization that mass is nothing but a form of energy, that even an object at rest has energy stored in its mass.

These developments—the unification of space and time and the equivalence of mass and energy—have had a profound influence on our picture of matter and have forced us to modify in an essential way our concept of a particle. In modern physics, mass is no longer associated with a material substance, and hence particles are not seen as consisting of any basic "stuff," but as bundles of energy. Energy, however, is associated with activity, with processes, and this implies that the nature of subatomic particles is intrinsically dynamic.

To understand this better, we must remember that these particles can only be pictured within the framework of relativity theory, where space and time are fused into a four-dimensional continuum. In such a framework, the particles can no longer be pictured as static three-dimensional objects, like billiard balls or grains of sand, but must be conceived as four-dimensional entities in space-time. Their forms have to be understood dynamically, as forms in space and time. Subatomic particles are dynamic patterns, patterns of activity that have a space aspect and a time aspect. Their space aspect makes them appear as objects with a certain mass; their time aspect, as processes involving the equivalent energy. Relativity theory thus gives the constituents of matter an intrinsically dynamic aspect. The particles of the subatomic world are not only active by moving around very fast, they themselves are processes! The being of matter and its activity cannot be separated. They are but different aspects of the same space-time reality.

The Eastern mystics have developed ways of experiencing the space-time character of reality intuitively. Thus most of their concepts, images, and myths contain time and change as essential elements. The more one studies the religious and philosophical texts of the Hindus, Buddhists, and Taoists, the more it becomes apparent that in all of them the world is conceived in terms of movement, flow, and change. More than that, the Eastern mystics also have a strong intuition for the space-time character of material objects that is so typical of relativistic physics. Physicists have to take into account the unification of space and time when they study the subatomic world, and consequently they view the objects of this world—the particles—in terms of activity and processes. The Eastern mystics, in their nonordinary states of consciousness, seem to be aware of the unity of space and time at a macroscopic level, and thus they see the macroscopic objects in a way that is very similar to the physicists' conception of subatomic particles. Suzuki, for example, writes in one of his books on Buddhism:

> Buddhists have conceived an object as an event and not as a thing or substance.

The two basic theories of modern physics thus exhibit all the main features of the Eastern world view. Quantum theory has abolished the notion of fundamentally separate objects, has introduced the concept of the participator to replace that of the observer, and has come to see the universe as an interconnected web of relations whose parts are only defined through their connections to the whole. Relativity theory, so to speak, has made the cosmic web come alive by revealing its intrinsically dynamic character, by showing that its activity is the very essence of its being.

Current research in physics aims at unifying the quantum and relativity theories into one complete theory of the subatomic world. We have not yet been able to formulate such a coherence, but we do have several partial theories, or "models," that describe certain aspects of subatomic phenomena very well. All of these partial theories involve philosophical conceptions that are in striking agreement with those of Eastern mysticism.

What, then, can we learn from the similarities between the world views of physicists and mystics? What is the relation between science and mysticism? As I have indicated above, I see science and mysticism as two complementary manifestations of the human mind, those of the rational and intuitive faculties. The modern physicist experiences the world through an extreme specialization of the rational mind; the mystic does so through an extreme specialization of the intuitive mind. The two approaches are entirely different and involve far more than a certain view of the physical world. Being complementary, neither is comprehended in the other, nor can either be reduced to the other, but both are necessary to supplement each other for a fuller understanding of the world. Mystical experience is necessary to understand the deepest nature of things, and science is essential for modern life. What we need, therefore, to cope fully with life is a dynamic balance between mystical intuition and scientific analysis.

So far, this balance has not been achieved in our society. At present, our attitude is too *yang*, too rational, "masculine," and aggressive. I believe that the world view implied by modern physics is inconsistent with our present society, which certainly does not reflect the harmonious interrelatedness we observe in nature. To achieve such a state of dynamic balance, a radically different socioeconomic structure will be needed—a cultural revolution in the true sense of the word. The survival of our whole civilization may depend on whether we can bring about such a change. It will depend, ultimately, on our ability to adopt some of the *yin* attitudes of Eastern mysticism, to experience the wholeness of nature and the art of living with it in harmony. ◉

Fritjof Capra, Ph.D., is doing research in theoretical high-energy physics at the Lawrence Berkeley Laboratory and lectures at the University of California, Berkeley. He is the author of The Tao of Physics, *on which this article is based.*

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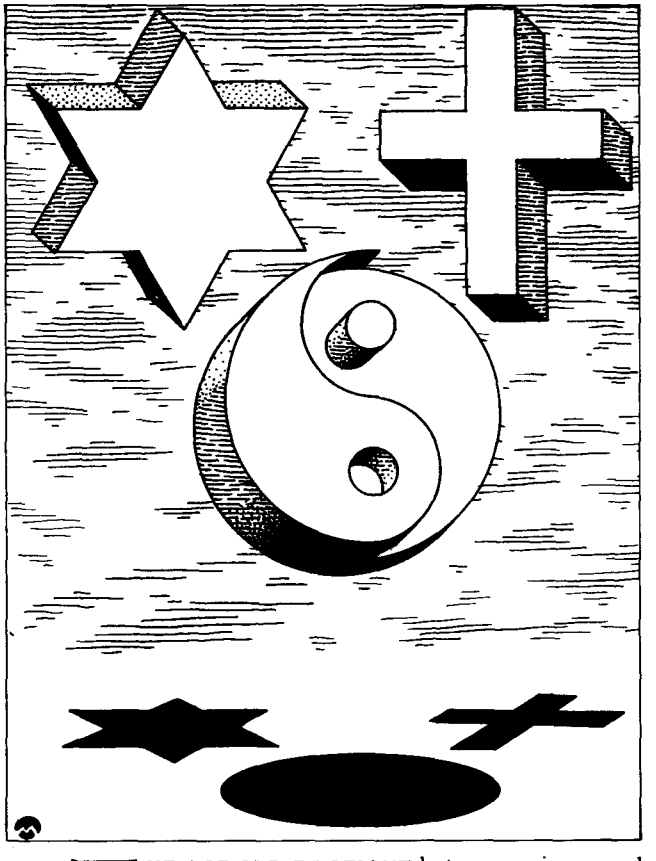
SCIENCE VERSUS RELIGION:

An Old Squabble Simmers Down

by Martin E. Marty



Marvin Mattelson

THE AGE-OLD DOGFIGHT between science and religion is entering a strange new phase. Hit hard by recent breakthroughs in physics and biology, all the old-time polemical categories—mind versus matter, believers against scientists—have broken apart completely.

Strangest of all, in place of the ancient set piece war between belief and unbelief, we are now seeing internecine warfare *between* old school religionists and a newer breed of theologians cautiously open to scientific advances, and *between* hard core, slide rule scientists and their colleagues who are open to the new findings about mind and consciousness. Both the theologians and the scientists are warring among themselves!

How did this extraordinary state of affairs come about? Its roots in American thought can fairly be said to go back to 1876, to the first writings of that now neglected figure Andrew Dickson White. Until White appeared, the battle in America between science and religion had been waged in bitter but disguised and indirect ways—ways that often took the form of veiled skirmishes between importers of radical European thought and agents of conservative Christian world views.

But in 1876 this battle flared aboveground with a vengeance when White published his tract, *The Warfare of Science*—a work that was to reappear in 1896, in greatly emended and extended form, as the now classic two-volume study, *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom*.

White's works on science and religion deserve major mention here because they engendered a long-lived storm of controversy and made public and explicit a major social issue that till then had been wrangled over in comparative secrecy by a relatively few apologists for the two "sides."

These "warfare" writings grew directly out of White's experiences as a founder (in 1868) and the first president of Cornell University. Both White and his co-founder, Ezra Cornell, had wanted the new university to be free of the "useless trammels and vicious methods" that then hampered most American schools. In their eyes, support of open scientific inquiry did not imply an irreligious attitude, since both men, they proclaimed, were friends of true Christianity. Cornell and White were devout progressives who looked forward to a new age in which scholars would blend science and religion, inquiry and faith.

Almost immediately, the pioneers found themselves at war with state legislators and with clerics, many of whose ideas conflicted with their own. A Protestant bishop, for example, wanted every Cornell professor to be in holy orders, while a minister claimed that the new university was a hotbed of infidelity and atheism. Clergymen warned young men against attending the fledgling school. For a while, the founders responded with what White called "sweet reasonableness." He

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"To many skeptics, 'true religion' must be seen as static and scholastic. Any tampering with what they remember from their childhood smacks of gerrymandering around Mount Sinai."

boasted that they had set up on campus the most effective pulpit in the whole United States and had supported it with a vigorous Christian Association, but unfortunately, the opponents still would not call off the dogs. Finally White, less sweetly but no less reasonably, fought back—and the product and crown of the fight was the aforementioned *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom.*

If the title seems a bit old-fashioned and windy-spacy, it is important to remember that whatever one thinks of White's ideas, he was a first-rate intellect—a man not at all like a certain kind of modern college president who is chosen not for brains, but for fund-raising clout and public relations image. White, the first president of the American Historical Association, was a thinker careful to define his terms. It is significant, then, that the book's title identified *theology*—not religion—as the antagonist of science.

Religion to him was the recognition of "a Power in the universe, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," a promoter of the love of God and neighbor. The villains in his books were the petty and rigid interpreters of religion, men who were defending their vested interests in the sects—in short, theologians.

White's *History* cited, then, the most vivid examples of *theological* repression in Christendom. Naturally, Galileo was prominent, and White could trade on public knowledge of Galileo's dramatic persecution by the church. "The world," White wrote, "knows that Galileo was subjected certainly to indignity, to imprisonment, and to threats equivalent to torture." Finally, the Inquisition and the papacy drove him to his knees. There the aged prisoner had to say that he "abjured, cursed, and detested the error and the heresy of the movement of the earth." White also knew he could count on his readers to join him in naming this great astronomer and cosmologist a martyr for science and the victor in the encounter.

The book's next great example of repression—the theologians' late-nineteenth-century campaign against the doctrine of evolution—came to a climax in the days of White himself. Having lost their battle against Galileo's view of the world as being motionless in the center of the universe, the churches were at that time being thrown on the defensive once again as they attempted to justify the book of Genesis and the idea of the special creation of humans. The Cornell president told of many of the then recent clashes, but he scored best with the scene in which Bishop Samuel Wilberforce—known to his detractors as "Soapy Sam"—played for applause in his debate against Darwin supporter Thomas Huxley, at Oxford, in 1860. Was it through his grandfather or grandmother, Wilberforce asked, that Huxley claimed descent from an ape? "The Lord hath delivered him into my hands," whispered Huxley. White gloried in the Huxleyan reply: "If I had to choose, I would prefer to be a descendant of a humble monkey rather than of a man who employs his knowledge and eloquence in misrepresenting those who are wearing out their lives in the search for truth."

White was fair-minded enough, however, to know and to say that much of the impetus for scientific inquiry in the days of Galileo came from religious people with a Christian spirit and that notable churchmen in the days of Darwin embraced evolution and blended it with their faith. Yet it was clear that the doughty educator consistently saw theology itself as opposed to freedom. One mark of *Warfare*'s influence was the fact that it was widely read even among the very theologians whose ears it boxed. By the time of White's death, in 1918, his history had become a standard work in its field.

Bruce Mazlish, editor of a recent edition of *Warfare*, suggests that if Andrew Dickson White had lived a while longer, he would no doubt have immersed himself in still another religious-scientific controversy—this one the clash between the churchly doctrine of man's nature and the scientifically oriented study of human behavior. In this clash, Sigmund Freud was the villain, victim, or victor, depending upon where individual theologians stood. Freud enlarged on and radicalized the theme of White: "The struggle between the scientific spirit and the religious *Weltanschauung*," he wrote, "is not yet at an end; it is still going on under our very eyes today." Since Freud argued that religion itself and not merely theology was an illusion, "a really serious enemy" to science, one supposes that White would have had to take him to task for failing to make proper distinctions. By the time of Freud, however, many theologians had learned to sort out scientific themes, to appropriate some insights and raise questions about others. This third assault on theological prerogatives was, therefore, much less devastating than the evolutionary struggle had been.

WHERE DOES THE CLASH between science and religion—or as White would have it, between science and sectarianism—stand today, a century after the publication of White's tract, *The Warfare of Science*? Strangely enough, the battle is still on, though the observer can no longer tell the players without a program. For instance, the serious theologians, those erstwhile enemies of White, have now changed: Many of them draw on the work of scientific thinkers like Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, Theodosius Dobzhansky, and Michael Polanyi in their search for ways to move beyond the old stereotyped conflicts. But the theologians' earnest tracts and quiet conferences on these philosophers tend to be lost to public view while reporters and cameras follow the skirmishing between the more belligerent troops of the religious and the secular rear guards—because they make for more colorful imagery.

Sectarians nowadays often are still militant: The fundamentalist Baptist ministers of Kanawha County, West Virginia, took center stage several years ago when they tried to rule evolution out of the textbooks and to substitute Christian creationism and catastrophism. The school board had to run for cover as the conservative ministers and miners opened up on them. No one could blame the media for depicting the enraged intransigents.

And it is still true that for every reader of a scholarly book that relates scientific evolutionary outlook to faith, 10 others will pick up books like those by Henry M. Morris, of the Institute for Creation Research. Morris offers a one-line "ad-

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equate cause" to explain evolution when he blames "Satan, which deceiveth the whole world" (Revelation 12:9).

Dramatic as such contests may be, they obscure the diversities of today's intellectual controversies. No longer is it easy to gather up the many worlds of science and to categorize them conveniently under the "Science" of White's title. The religious and theological worlds are also far too divided to make up the single camp against which White warred.

Evidence that scientists differ vastly from one another on the subject of religion has long been readily available, but seldom more conveniently than in an obscure and almost naïve little book by Frederick E. Trinklein, *The God of Science* (Eerdmans, 1971). The author approached a rather random sample of prestigious European and American scientists in academy and industry and asked for interviews. Thirty-eight willingly cooperated with him as he asked about God and Galileo, mystery and miracle. Evangelist Billy Graham would find plenty of work to do among them, but he could not dismiss the group as being made up simply of infidels and atheists.

One impression of the Trinklein forum outlasts all others: The opinions he heard were as varied as those an interviewer would get from 38 randomly selected patrons of any friendly neighborhood tavern. Most but not all of the respondents had suffered bad childhood experiences with religion, almost none thought the Galileo case had much to tell anyone today, and

Whatever Happened to Philosophy?

WHERE WERE the philosophers when the scientists and the theologians were fighting their rancorous battles? On the whole, the philosophers joined the scientists in the older warfare with theology. While some Jewish and Christian thinkers had been at ease with Plato and Aristotle for many centuries, others in the two camps went their own ways. When Spinoza proclaimed a deistic view offensive to both Jewish and Christian orthodoxy, the Amsterdam synagogue announced in 1656: "We excommunicate, cut off, curse, and anathemize Baruch de Espinoza." Two years before the ban, the mathematician and religious genius Blaise Pascal had had an experience whose fiery center he remembered on parchment stitched inside his clothes: The biblical God was not the God "of the philosophers and the learned." Most philosophers agreed, until by the twentieth century many of them had ruled out even the possibility of God-talk—it was meaningless.

In early-twentieth-century America, where secular-minded thinkers in tax-supported universities had to give God a wide berth, humanists came to substitute the term "values" in the curricular spot "God" had occupied. Many academic philosophers today, however, have been wary of talk about values (=worth) in the spirit of Ludwig Wittgenstein, a towering figure in this period: "Values. A terrible business. You can at best stammer when you talk about them."

Stammerers are now ready to face up to their handicaps and to take up the challenge of debates about God and values once again. The Society for Values in Higher Education, alias the Society for Religion in Higher Education, never lacks talented fellows who bridge numerous disciplines. They argue plenty, but their battle lines do not follow the old ones drawn during *the* warfare of philosophy with theology. Signs of change are everywhere. When Dr. Gallup asks them, 79 percent of the sampled citizens want teaching of and about morals in the public schools. Advanced students of law, medicine, and business are more ready than before to include ethics and values in their curricular concerns. Undergraduates, many of them disappointed that they cannot draw professional philosophers away from exclusive interests in mathematics, positivism, or logic, line up for classes with those psychologists, theologians, or anthropologists who help them to take on classic questions of philosophy.

The theologians of our time have been respectful of the territory of philosophy departments. Few would enter their field without a thorough grounding in the problems of language as philosophers today debate them, and some become expert in hermeneutics, the science of interpretation. Others smart, however, when their interests in other schools of thought, notably existentialism and phenomenology, render them suspect in the eyes of the language philosophers. You will even hear them speak gratefully of philosophers who have stopped ignoring God and values and who pay them the compliment of attacking theism in particular. Thus they regarded it as a good sign when Peter Angeles last year collected 16 *Critiques of God* (Prometheus, $13.95), by Ernest Nagel, Antony Flew, Kai Nielsen, and their peers.

If philosophy departments are generally preoccupied with questions other than those that have to do with values or God, humanists never lack company elsewhere when they want to tackle these subjects. Thanks to the Supreme Court school prayer rulings of the early Sixties, decisions that critics claimed "took God out of the schools" because they prevented classrooms from becoming chapels, inquiry about God and values has returned to the classrooms themselves. Thousands of professors who make up The American Academy of Religion as well as their students find company among other humanists these days. The National Endowment for the Humanities, particularly through its state-based programs, reckons generously with religion as it relates to public policy. The prestigious new National Humanities Center, whose home is being built in North Carolina, includes religion in its definition of the humanities. The Society for the Scientific Study of Religion focuses on social sciences.

So long as people like Clifford Geertz, Paul Ricoeur, Erik Erikson, Charles Hartshorne, Victor Turner, Donald Campbell, and Robert Bellah are active in various fields, theologians will not lack company. The lay public may not be aware of many academic philosophers, but it will find the shelves full of social philosophy books, reflections on the search for the good, the beautiful, and the true—whatever all these can mean in the Babel of our day.

—MARTIN E. MARTY

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"Today's battles tend to have an immediate practical effect. Playing God is a typical book that addresses the age of genetic engineering, cloning, recombinant DNA, and work on weaponry."

nobody believed anyone could prove the existence of God—though some said that the absence of proof had little to do with faith. Many of them were respectful of religion and were religious themselves, while to others, faith meant little. To quite a few—shades of White!—the distinction between good religion and the bad organized church was useful. The reader almost instantly became aware of the diversity among scientists.

But it would be a mistake to think that the old-time scientific-religious polemics are now carried on only by Kanawha County conservatives and Institute for Creation Research fundamentalists. The more accurate picture is that of civil, internecine warfare *within* both the religious and scientific camps. Two books from the Seventies exemplify the two main lines of this knockabout, in-house controversy. The first of these is Theodore Roszak's *Where the Wasteland Ends* (Doubleday, 1972), a typical assault on the "myth" of scientific objectivity and on uncritical exploitations of technology. Roszak's writings reflected the interests of the short-lived Sixties counterculture that is still enjoying a vigorous afterlife in some of the more romantic ecological and environmental movements.

Roszak attacked "science" not to defend conventional religion, which he abhorred, but to make room for what he called the "Old Gnosis," which he defined as a primal kind of piety or natural religiosity. "Far from being antagonists," he complained as he looked around him, "science and the religion of the day were subterraneanly linked." That charge obscured, of course, the old battle lines drawn by White. According to historian Roszak, Western religion and science have promoted three things: a general downgrading of nature, some leftover paganisms, and the sense of mystery in human life. He did not fault the great but usually obscure scientists so much as the propagandists like Thomas Huxley or, in our day, the philosophical French biologist Jacques Monod who have served up world views in the name of science.

Two years after Roszak's book appeared, economist Robert L. Heilbroner expressed a somewhat different concern in *An Inquiry into the Human Prospect* (Norton, 1974). He foresaw a new Dark Ages—not a doomsday, but a junk-piled and worn-down world marked by crowding, scarcity, and iron authority. All these threats are due in no small measure to the triumphs of science, to the climate of intellectual inquiry in which it has flourished, and to the domination that scientists and industrialists have enjoyed over nature.

In an interview, Heilbroner did what he could to avoid being lined up with the religionists or the theologians. "I am against religion, for science, [and I am] a liberal social democrat or whatever." He never stood a chance of keeping his distance from the fray: Theologians lined up to banquet on his book. Chicago scholar Langdon Gilkey, at a symposium on *Inquiry* in 1974, sardonically but smilingly acknowledged that in some ways high-powered religion professors were very much like evangelists: "It is a temptation for us to rejoice in grim portents because they help the sale of religion—as the analyst gets a professional shot in the arm with every reminder of how neurotic the world really is!"

Grim portents were in rich supply in the work of Heilbroner, who grudgingly and against every instinct of his own foresaw a world full of reaction to science. In that world, people would explore inner states of experience, pursue tradition and ritual, and displace individual material achievements with communally ordained roles. Thus he described fairly well the kind of people for whom Roszak had spoken.

It is now clear that in their different ways, both Roszak and Heilbroner wrote premature obituaries for the objective consciousness, or the scientific temper and achievement. Philosopher and historian of science Stephen Toulmin in this past summer's issue of *Daedalus* observed that in the past 20 years or so the pendulum has swung from a "hard" positivism within the rigid scientific disciplines toward "soft" styles of inquiry, wherein people risk crossing the boundaries of disciplines and methods in order to converge on general problems. Toulmin bet, however, that by the early twenty-first century, abstract formalism, technical concentration, and professional specialization would again be the characteristic modes. To make his point, he invoked the image of a folk dance, in which periods of marching alternate with periods of weaving. Roszak and Heilbroner spoke for, or pictured, only the day of the weavers.

The civil war within the scientific community was even more obvious in its reactions to much publicized works by Konrad Lorenz, B. F. Skinner, and Jacques Monod. When Lorenz and such popularizers of his as Desmond Morris seemed to reduce humans to *The Naked Ape* status, the angry outcry was utterly nonsectarian. Maybe some preachers also scolded, but the effective criticism came from a whole cluster of scientists invoked by Ashley Montagu in his *Man and Aggression*. Montagu demonstrated that in contrast to the world White presented, the warfare today is "within," not "between," the scientific and religious communities.

In the days of Andrew Dickson White, the religious conservatives might have felt lonely standing off B. F. Skinner and other psychological behaviorists. True, religious radicals did have plenty of trouble with Skinner's *Beyond Freedom and Dignity*. Rabbi Richard Rubenstein, on the theological left, called the book a "blueprint of hell." Then Malcolm A. Jeeves, an urbane English conservative theologian, carefully separated and lifted out for praise the contributions Skinner had made in the laboratory but attacked the extrapolations he thought Skinner had made beyond the evidence to fashion the Skinnerian dogma. In this as in other cases, some scientists and theologians lined up together against Skinner and his sympathizers, charging them with embracing the reductionism that contends humans are nothing but physicochemical reflexive units.

Jacques Monod, in his important work of 1970, summarized the current biological determinism in a book titled *Chance and Necessity*. To many other scientists and to religious thinkers, Monod again looked like a reductionist, good at what has been called "nothing-buttery." In the 1870s the alert churches would have wheeled out their cannon against

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"Some scientists and theologians have lined up together against Skinner, charging him with embracing the reductionism that contends humans are nothing but physicochemical reflexive units."

Monod and his godless devotion to chance. But in the 1970s the churches, most of which had other topics on their agendas, were taking no chances. They have generally avoided intellectual themes; it is not likely that many of the faithful who share the prayer breakfast circuit have ever even heard the name of the formidable French biologist. But it was the scientists—many of whom appreciated Monod's work in biology—who readily took him to task for smuggling in the theological language about purpose and design after he had tried to expunge it.

MEANWHILE, the religious communities were as internally divided over science as the scientific circles were over religion. This confusing trend was long in developing. In the time of Galileo, as White well knew, many religious thinkers were already fighting over their competing world views. Even while Bishop Wilberforce was looking foolish at Oxford in 1860, many notable Anglican church leaders had found ways to blend Darwinian views with their religion. In the American cause célèbre over evolution, the followers of William Jennings Bryan at the Scopes trial in Tennessee were less furious about skeptical lawyer Clarence Darrow than about modernist divinity school professors who, they thought, were adapting away the faith.

The many religious parties tend to cluster around two poles. Neither wants to reject science, but one group promotes a sort of compartmentalism, the idea that one can neatly divide mind and outlook into two boxes. On these terms, natural scientists who are religious tend to have predilections for fundamentalism. On the other side are many schools of thought that deal with reality by using Niels Bohr's models of "complementarity" to suggest how religion and science complement each other. Like philosopher and scientist Michael Polanyi, they frequently stress that involvement in scientific or religious pursuits colors inquiry and blights the purity of positivism or creedalism. Others, typified by theologian and scientist Ian G. Barbour, work out new "myths, models, and paradigms" for dealing with the perspectives of science and religion.

These varieties of options bewilder skeptics, who prefer the lines as White drew them. In their eyes, "true religion" must be seen as static and scholastic. Any tampering with what they remember from their childhood smacks of gerrymandering around Mount Sinai or the Rock of Ages. Skeptics from these schools often profess admiration for the *real* believers who have the *real* courage of their convictions, mainly because the skeptics can thus remain quaint, bizarre, and beside the point. They overlook the fact that another school of religious thinkers had long stressed developmental views of faith and relished the idea of constant changes in the dialogue between God and humans—even to the point where this school used the concept of "process" to characterize God. For this school, the thought of adapting has meant not grudging defeat, but an open and frank extension of faith.

Theological embracers of science, many of whom have found a convenient forum in the journal *Zygon*, seem unperturbed by the day of new radical determinisms and reductionisms. In a 1974 issue of *Zygon*, John A. Miles, Jr., outflanked Jacques Monod himself in order to show that Monod had unwittingly set forth a theological vision. "Monod stands before the scientific ... achievement of the past three hundred years as before a temple, and asks, 'Can you doubt?' If you cannot, then the rest of the book has the excitement of theology; it is *fides quaerens intellectum* [faith seeking understanding]." Monod asks for an act of faith for his "chance," just as Pascal did with his call for the "wager" that Christianity might be true.

But is all this scientific-religious polemicizing a socially important matter or just a pillow fight among intellectuals? In the past, it is true, some of the disputes between science and theology (or religion) seemed merely academic, a luxury of thinking minds. But today the battles tend to have an immediate practical effect. *Playing God* and *Come, Let Us Play God* are the titles of two typical books that address the age of genetic engineering, cloning, research with recombinant DNA, work on weaponry, and medicine in general. Scientists and theologians line up together against other scientists and religious thinkers on issues like these. Given the complexity and the fatefulness of the new range of issues, it is easy to understand why bystanders and some partisans look with nostalgia on the good old days when scientists and theologians sallied forth from their separate fortresses or were content with defined trench warfare against each other.

Scientists and theologians of conviction, whether they be conservative or liberal, positivist or not, now *do* link in subterranean ways, or they meet in alliances across party lines in what once was no-man's-land. The public, confused as *it* may sometimes be, is better served by the fact that much conflict occurs not only between the scientific and the religious camps but chiefly within them. A political example suggests why. In the early days of the American republic, some founders cited Voltaire on the subject of religion and civic peace: "If there were one religion in England," said the French philosopher, "its despotism would be terrible; if there were only two, they would destroy each other; but there are thirty, and therefore they live in peace and happiness." James Madison also spoke up for a "multiplicity of interests and a multiplicity of sects." Few today look for the kind of peace and happiness Voltaire promised, but the odds against having either science or religion dominate or against finding the two at war are better than back in the days when Dr. White climbed his ramparts at Cornell to study the battle array of his day. After these many decades he might not yet see either "pure and undefiled religion" or fully free and untrammeled science. The optimist in him, however, could recognize that the contemporary multiplicities of interests and sects help assure serious people the freedom to buy time as they look for more responsible outcomes than those that emerged during the old warfare. ◉

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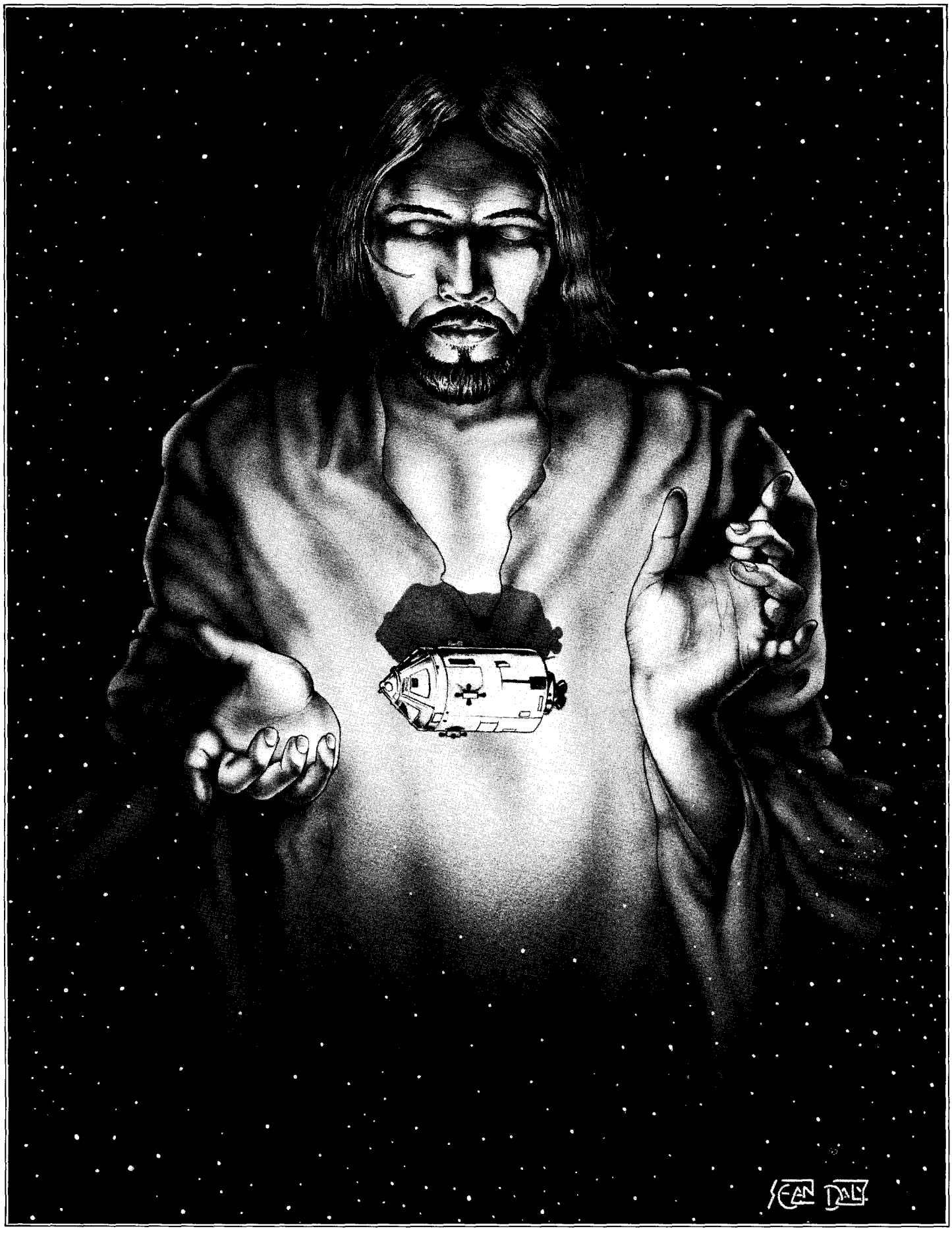

Sean Daly

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THE GOD IN SCIENCE FICTION

by Ray Bradbury

SOMEWHERE back in time, the Sun God Apollo became the Sun God Christ, born in the week of the winter solstice to prove that the world had not died but would rise again in the New Year that was truly that week and not January 1.

Somewhere farther along in Time, Christ moves in Space, cargoed on missions that, for Now anyway, take the name of Apollo. So old myth and new circumnavigate the stars, rebuild old dreams, repromise better destinies on far worlds we cannot now imagine.

Christ in the next billion years! How will He shape Himself, how will we shape *ourselves* as we fly from seedbed Earth toward stars that promise nothing, but call us home?

And while Christ is changing, how will his Father do? While we are recombining the genetic glues and the essences of our world to grow a Superman ten ways tall, in what ways will we recombine the Universal stuffs to serve forth a movable feast of God, available on Mars, Pluto, and, next stop, Alpha Centauri?

Will the changes be as brutal as when we shook Olympus, knocked all the deities into one mold, and worshiped a Single Person, plus Son, plus Ghost?

Are we ourselves in some miraculous fashion the Holy Ghost that will haunt the cosmic dusts and call them alive? Will we conjure dead matter on Martian thresholds and Christ-like summon it up into intelligence and immortal life as we pass?

The questions swarm in mobs and multitudes. The answers similarly swarm, leaving us almost, if not quite, with old Khayyám, who "came out by that same door where in I went."

Doctors and saints, meanwhile, will give great argument. Science fiction writers will lean more and more into theology, forced by NASA's blasphemous intrusion on the Lord's territorial imperatives to question where we have come from and just where in Heaven or Hell we are going.

In my own work as just one more laborer in a now more respectable field, here are some of the ways in which I have tried to scale man up to a size fitting the galaxies, even as Nature blindly tries, or seems to try, to scale him down.

Early on, I wrote a story called "The Man." It concerns a star-roving ship that happens on a world the day *after* Christ has left it to go far-traveling.

My rocket Captain, wild at the thought that he has missed a collision with the Savior, rushes off to pursue His Spirit around the Cosmos; doomed to failure, we perceive. His crew, quieter, truly believing, turn and walk into this strange City on this strange world, convinced He has not left at all.

And Christ is, indeed, waiting for them.

A parable of faith, but difficult to sell to any magazine anywhere in our American culture back in 1949. We have since forgotten how earnestly the Church peered over our shoulders and made censorial noises in those long years before the Great Change of the Sixties.

In early 1950, I telephoned a local Catholic priest and expressed my dire need to confess a Martian story outline to him, that is, if he wouldn't mind my madness or the fact that I was some sort of fallen-away Baptist. He wouldn't mind, and I went by. At the door of the rectory, the young priest blinked at me and said: "Well?"

"Well," said I. "I'm writing a tale of some priests who land on Mars and are startled by blue fires, bright, intellectual spirits that soar in the skies above them. These are the Martians, illuminations without bodies, blue lights that speak in tongues. Now, how do my priests decide whether or not these fiery Martians, these soaring illuminations, are Human?"

"Good Grief!" cried the priest. "Fascinating! Fascinating! Come in! Sit down, sit down!"

I sat. We talked up a blue-fire storm. I went and wrote. The answer was, of course, that if a creature knows the difference between good and evil, light and dark, can choose love instead of murder, can withhold violence, can extend peace, can judge, can value, that creature is human, regardless of its outer appearance, be it flesh or fire.

Humanity, after all, is a concept that only indirectly has to do with shape, size, color, texture, or number of fingers, limbs, heads, presence or absence of gills, tails, or, for that matter, sex.

We sense a near-humanity with dolphins, whales, and other creatures here on Earth. On far worlds, confronted by six-foot spiders, we would, at a safe distance, question their motives to judge their humanity. No matter how dreadful their maskings, their shapes, their seeming appearance, if Christ's Spirit, or Buddha's, or Muhammad's instructed them, we would sit and break bread with them, confident that they were no more or no less paradoxical than ourselves, knowing that dark and light exist in us all, with the will to murder put aside more often than exercised.

As it turned out in my story, "The Fire Balloons," the Christian priests don't have to save the Martian Illuminations. Our concept of sin is based on bodily appurtenances, more often than not. Lacking hands, we cannot steal. Lacking feet, we cannot kick our way to destruction. Lacking sexual organs, we cannot fornicate our way out of the Garden. These special blue-fire Martians, it seems, have no flesh at all, are spirits without our earthly encumbrances and temptations. Free of sin, they live in a state of Grace, not unlike that

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spoken of by Shaw long before I was born.

The priests turn away, move back to the small Martian colonial town to save their own people.

So the Life-Force moves in the Universe, changing, and Christ moves also, symbolizing that Force, putting off old masks to put on new.

In a story called "The Messiah," some years later, I pursued yet another line in a series of encounters with Him on other worlds.

But first an aside, if you will permit.

How was it that the science fiction Baptist Bradbury who had fallen away into the deeps of pubertarian atheism at sixteen reconciled himself to miracles again in his twenties and began worrying about Christ on improbable planets?

You might well say I was Born Again through John Huston's handing me the task of killing a Whale and rendering out a screenplay for *Moby Dick*, in 1953.

Melville, in turn, tossed me back not only into the embrace of Shakespeare and his *Richard III* but also into that ancient Time Machine, the Bible, to sit at the Last Suppers with Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, while treading the wilderness with Ishmael of old.

My rekindlement increased when MGM Studios called me in late one autumn day in 1960 and confessed that while they had spent seven million pieces of silver on an all-new, all-talkie, highly tinted version of *King of Kings*, they had "no ending for the film."

I was stunned. Had they tried the Apostles? I wondered.

Yes, yes, they had, but still ... no ending. Would I sign in and solve the problem?

I would and did.

I found my ending for the film in John, where the Last Supper *after* the Last Supper occurs. Christ resurrected appears on the shore of the Sea of Galilee. He stands by a spread of white-hot coals on which fish are baking. He tells Simon-Called-Peter and the other disciples to take of the fish and feed their brethren and then to take of His message and move through all the nations of the world, preaching forgiveness of sin. In the half-light before dawn, Christ lifts His hand above the fire. We see the mark of the nail. Blood drips from His palm upon the white-hot coals. Thus he proves His identity.

MGM did not film my ending, which is a great shame, for John has never been used as the basis for ending any film ever made about Christ.

It remained for me to use some part of John in yet another Martian story, 10 years later. Late at night on Mars, two priests speak of their reasons for joining the Church. The younger priest confesses that "I joined hoping one day to actually *meet* Christ should He truly return."

The priests retire to sleep. At three in the deep morning, the young priest stirs, wakens, listens to the Martian wind grieve about the small colonial church. He hears a steady dripping sound from below, in the baptistry. Moving silently, he peers into the dark baptismal room and cries out!

Just beyond the font, self-illuminated, stands the figure of a white-robed man, bearded, with fiery eyes.

The dripping sound? It is caused by the upraised hand of the Man, from whose palm slow drops of blood fall into the baptismal waters.

The priest, stunned, falls to his knees, calling out to this apparition, no, this reality: At last, oh, at last, after more than two thousand years, You've come!

No! the Apparition cries. Stand back, avert your gaze! I am not the Thing you imagine. I am not the Walker by the Sea of Galilee! Your thought will kill me. Turn away!

And in that moment the priest realizes that his childhood dream of someday meeting Christ has moved out into the Martian night and trapped a Martian. The Martians have telepathic abilities. They can assume the shapes of dreams, appear in any guise that the imagination summons forth. So *this* Martian, seized into the church by the priest's dream, trapped by his hoping, desiring mind, appears as Christ.

Let go! the Martian pleads.

The priest feeds his eyes on the Dream before him. But realizing that he will kill the Martian if he keeps him too long in this form, the priest agrees to avert his gaze, let the Dream go, if the Ghost promises to come back once a year for the rest of his life.

Yes. The Martian agrees. When do you want me to return?

Once each year, says the priest, at Easter.

I know your holidays, says the Martian. I shall come back. Easter morning. Look for me.

The priest shuts his eyes.

The Martian, gowned in the ghostly flesh of Christ, set free, whirls, runs. The door slams. The church is empty. The Martian wind blows by in the night.

Alone by the baptismal font, the young priest weeps. It will be a long year until next Easter.

And all this because MGM never got around to shooting *my* ending for *King of Kings*. What got lost on a studio back lot relocated and found itself on Mars.

BAPTIZED in somewhat unholy waters by John Huston and Melville and his Whale, rebaptized by MGM and the Four Apostles, I set about writing my own Shakespearean/biblical/Melvillean stage play set in outer Space.

Dedicated to Melville, my *Leviathan 99* utilizes the trappings of *Moby Dick* but refleshes them: seas of stars for ocean seas, rockets displacing whaling craft, astronauts standing in for sailors. My Ishmael, with November in his soul, gets himself to Space along with Quell, his green-skinned, telepathic loving friend from the island planets in Andromeda.

On the night before Deep Fall into Space, Ishmael and Quell attend worship in an astronomical Chapel where a robot priest rises to speak not the sermon of Father Mapple and his Whale, but a reseeding of the theme, thusly:

"Is God dead? An old question now. But once I replied: 'No, only sleeping until you chattering bores shut up.' "

Gentle laughter from the listening astronauts. The robot priest continues:

"A better answer is: Are *you* dead? Does the blood move in your hand? Does that hand move to touch metal? Does that metal move to touch Space? Do wild thoughts of travel and migration move behind your flesh?

"They do. You live. Therefore, God lives.

"You are the thin skin of life upon an unsensing Earth. You are that growing edge of God that manifests itself in hungers for Space.

"So much of God lies vibrantly asleep. The very stuffs of worlds and galaxies, they know *not* themselves. But here, God stirs in His sleep—you are that stirring. He wakes—you are that wakening. God reaches for the stars—you are His Hand. Creation Manifest, you go in search. He goes to find,

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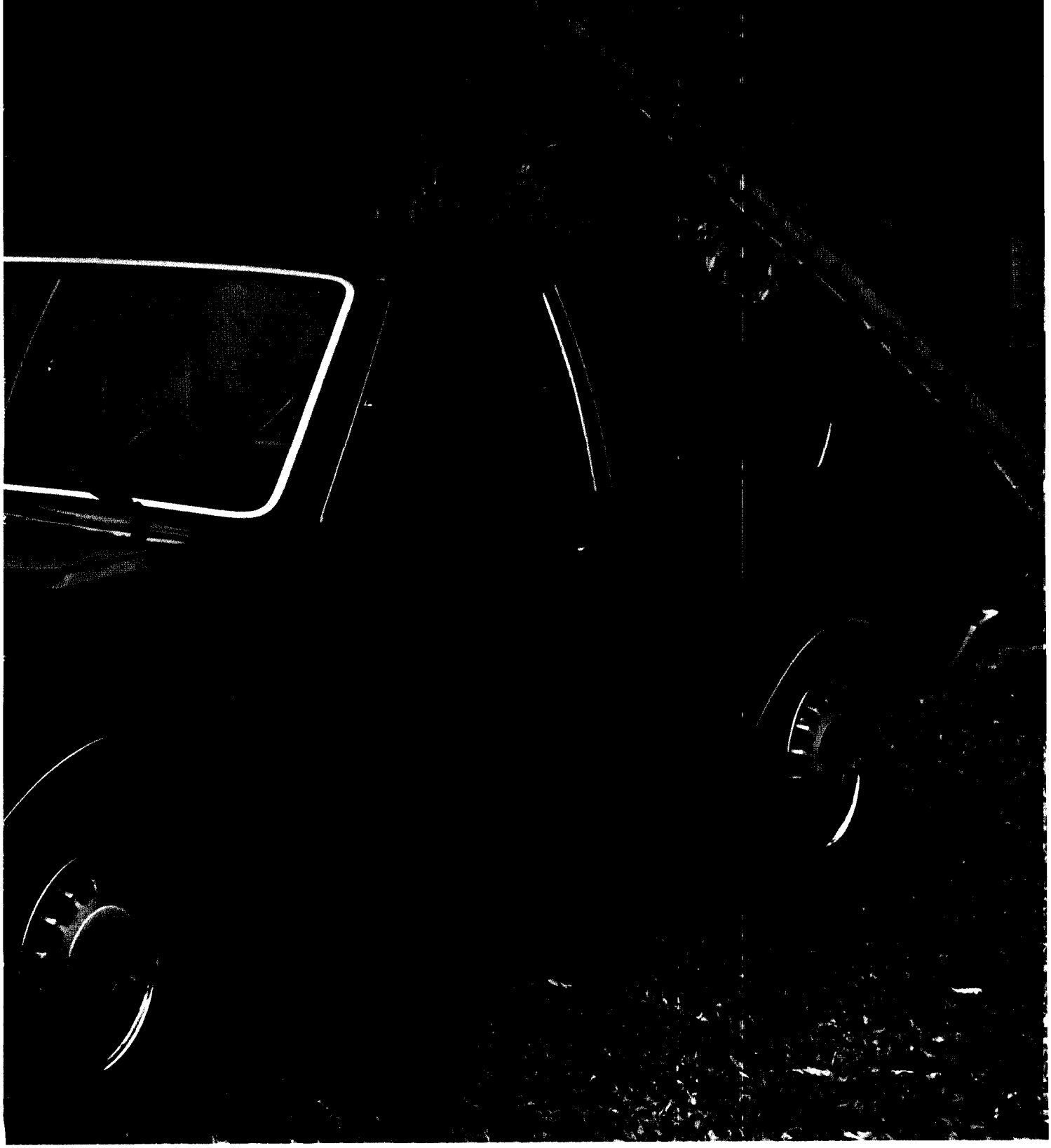

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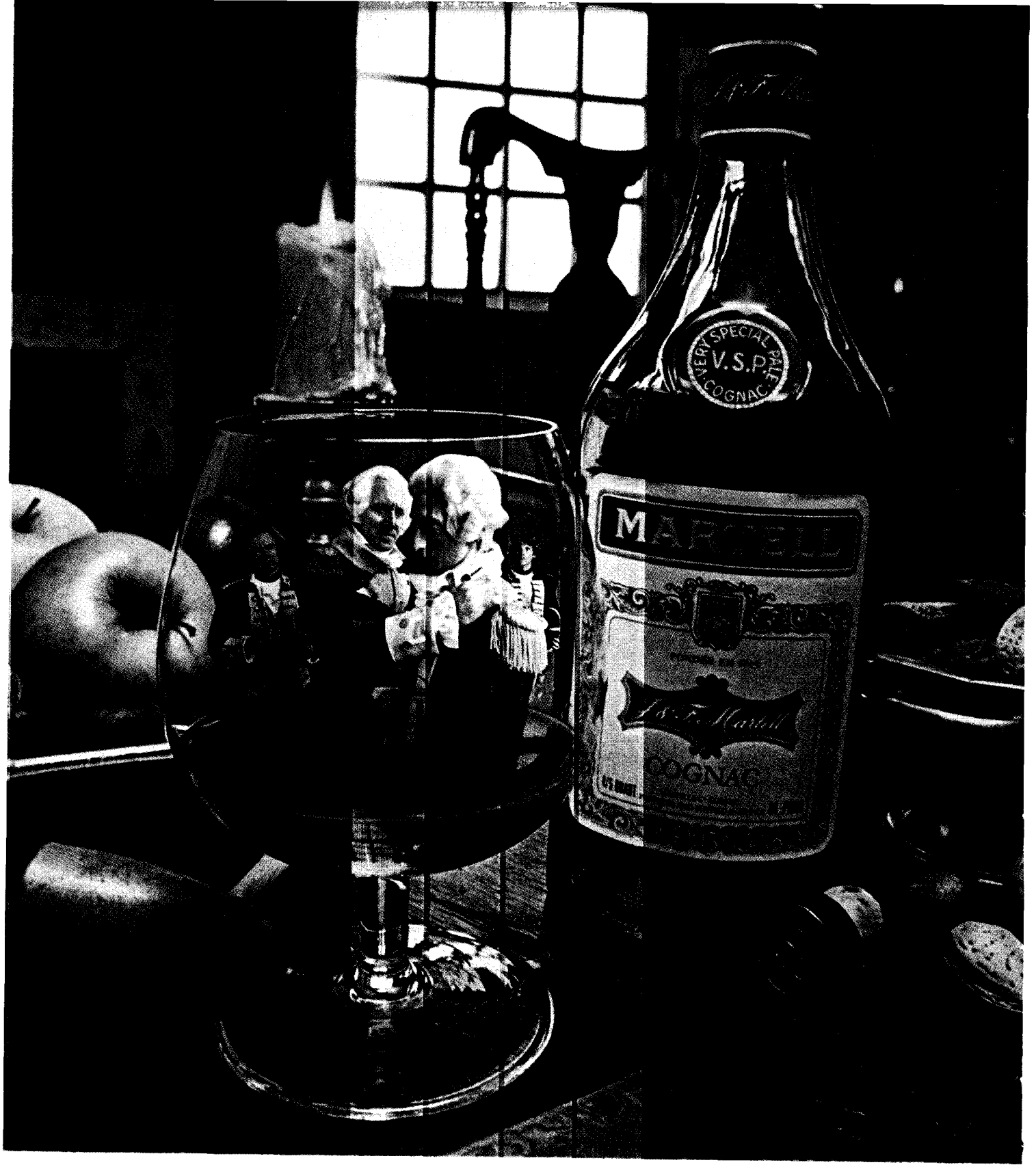

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Washington's farewell at Fraunces Tavern may well have included Martell.

1783. General Washington resigns his commission and asks Generals Lafayette and Rochambeau plus his closest officers and friends to Fraunces Tavern in New York. Here he will personally say farewell and thank them for their loyalty.

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you go to find: Himself.

"Everything you meet along the way, therefore, it will be holy. On far worlds you will meet your own flesh, terrifying and strange, but still your own. Treat it well. Beneath the Shape, you share the Godhead.

"Woe to you if you do not find all Life most holy, and coming to lay yourself down cannot say:

"O Father God, You waken *me*

"I waken Thee;

"Immortal We then walk upon the waters of Deep Space.

"In the New Morn

"Which names itself: Forever."

Forever, the congregation whispers. Amen.

And they turn to go and fly toward Alpha Centauri with a mad space Captain in search of a Great White Comet that put out his eyes when he was a young man.

And yet again...

My love for George Bernard Shaw being continuous and extreme, I connived to write him into a story titled "GBS Mark V." I lodged his psyche in an audio-animatronic robot aboard a starship bound for the Crab Nebula. Each night, while other crew members salivate over their life-size wind-up toy Marilyns, I sneak below machinery stairs to call my electro-playwright awake. Thus summoned, Shaw sits bolt upright, stares at the Milky Way, and shouts:

"By God, I do accept it!"

"Accept what, Mr. Shaw?"

"The Universe," he cries. "It *thinks*, therefore I *am*!"

In just such fashion, Shaw spoke from pulpits long before our time. With a wit half-full of cynicism and an awe half-empty of atheism, he came to desire the Life-Force to knock him into believing, to drag him kicking into the cathedral of Space, there to free his amiable soul from his sexual if vegetarian body.

Later in that same "GBS Mark V" story, I take Shaw up to gaze at the Cosmos and speak on philosophies. Finally I nudge him and whisper:

"Say it, Mr. Shaw."

"Say what?"

"You know what I want to hear. Say it."

Shaw looks at the distant stars, then touches my elbow, touches himself.

"What are we? What, in the long night of the Universe, is this creature that happens in Time? Why...

"We are the miracle of force and matter making itself over into imagination and will. The Life-Force, experimenting with forms: you for one, me for another! The Universe shouts: We are the incredible echo. The void is filled with ten billion on a billion bombardments of ignorant light, mindless avalanches of energy, meteor, cosmic snuffs. God exhales: Comets appear. God sneezes—up we jump! Among so much flight and ignorance, we are the blind force that gropes like Lazarus from a billion-light-years tomb. We summon ourselves. We cry, O Lazarus Life-Force, truly come ye forth! So the Universe, a motion of deaths, fumbles to reach across Time to feel its own flesh and know it to be ours. We touch both ways and find each other miraculous because we are One."

Kazantzakis, like Shaw, says much the same. In his finest and greatest work, *The Saviors of God*, Kazantzakis trumpets: God cries out to be saved! We, it seems, must continuously and forever mouth-to-mouth breathe Him into existence. The Savior's Saviors is how our billing will run, as vast and wide and long as the Milky Way itself.

So, as I have moved in Space, I have taken as conversation-long-after-midnight companions sublime idiot Kazantzakis and divine demon St. George-St. Bernard Shaw.

We all go on the same Search, looking to solve the old Mystery. We will not, of course, ever solve it. We will climb all over it. We will, finally, inhabit the Mystery, even as Nemo inhabited his *Nautilus* to course the Deeps.

If a sun can live five billion years and not know it, we have decided to do as well, survive—meanwhile sensing the facts, adding the sums. Along the way, we will write another dozen Bibles where needed and meet Father, Son, and Holy Ghost in many guises, on various star paths to that immortality we demand for ourselves, since His flesh is ours, and worth protecting.

I go with that search, the hoped-for survival, that attempt to find new words, better tongues, to probe old mysteries and try to speak new truths. Some of my summing-up of all this shows in a new poem that I have written to express my needs. In it, God measures Himself and His Earth children like this:

We fly much like each other,
We walk a common clay.
I dreamed Man into being,
He dreams Me now to stay—
Twin mirror selves of seeing,
We live Forever's Day.

The stars move even as God moves in His great sleep, continuing:

If Man should die I'd blindly
Rebirth that Beast again;
I cannot live without him.
Man dead? then God is slain.

My Universe needs seeing,
That's Man's eternal task:
What is the use of being
If God is but a mask?

A single beat here. If this were a film, the music would now lift softly to back the finale:

Behold! the Mystery stirring...
Here come the human moles!
To rise behind God's masking
And peek out from the holes.

We go to do just that. In our lives. In our science fictions. In our dearest dreams. In our technologies. In our futures that will, resultantly, stretch forever from here on out to the Nebula in Orion, which must stand as a metaphor for our existence through all Future Time.

The rest is not silence.

I will write of this, speak of this, act on this for the rest of my days.

In this Christmas Season I give you the greatest gift that Mankind in turn can give to itself:

Live Forever! ◉

Ray Bradbury, who lectures at the California Institute of Technology, is the author of a new book of poetry, Where Robot Mice and Robot Men Run Round in Robot Towns.

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Love Among the Red-necks

Clockwise from left: Author Will D. Campbell; Joe (standing) with brother Will (hand on forehead) and a friend in boyhood days; Joe in the Civilian Conservation Corps; a matured Joe; Will and Joe with a friend (in striped shirt) at their house in Mississippi.

Brother to a Dragonfly
by Will D. Campbell
Seabury Press, 288 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Larry L. King

WILL D. CAMPBELL has broken this moving story of himself and his brother, Joe, into three sections: "Morning," "Afternoon," and "Evening." It is the natural pattern of a day, just as it is the natural pattern of life.

As one might expect, the fields are freshly green and the sky is blue in the morning of life as experienced by two growing boys in rural Mississippi. In the afternoon—middle age—stumbling blocks appear on the landscape and blossoms begin to droop. And in the evening, when the sun goes down on brother Joe's life, we feel a lonely chill in our bones.

Yet Will Campbell's story touches upon more than just life's natural attritions and taxes. There is much in it of love—not only of the brothers' love for each other but also of their love for their kin, for the world they inhabit, and even for all those complex chemicals sloshing around inside the human heart and head. The agonies of private grief and the exhilarations of private joy are difficult to record; if badly done, the result is likely to embarrass the reader or make him uncomfortable: He will feel like a cat burglar prowling the private rooms of another's mind and randomly peeping through keyholes. Will Campbell has managed to tell a very private story honestly without making the reader feel like a peeping tom.

Though Campbell conceived of *Brother to a Dragonfly* as a way of telling the story of a beloved brother who would not live to tell his own, the book is to a great extent autobiographical. This is fortunate, because Will D. Campbell has long been known as a rather exotic fish in the human mainstream, and it's good to have a look inside his head. A poor farm boy who sprang from among those whom the world has labeled "red-necks," he became a Baptist preacher at a tender age and worked his way through Wake Forest University, Tulane University, and Yale Divinity School. He returned to the small towns and parishes of the South a conventional do-good liberal who had been refurbished and retooled in some of the best intellectual factories. To this point, his history is commonplace enough.

But during the murderous days of the early civil rights demonstrations, when Yankee preachers and students were coming to the South in droves to stir up the natives and then go home, and when many liberal southern parsons and academicians were trooping to the safer northern climes

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to divest themselves of brotherhood speeches, Will Campbell stayed home where it was dirty and dangerous. He was an around-the-clock minister of good intentions; he and his family suffered the usual hostilities heaped upon white southerners thought to have turned upon their kind. During a beery talk with another well-known Mississippian, P. D. East, publisher of *The Petal Paper*, Campbell became convinced that the red-neck bigot, the Klansman, and others thought to be rabble were deserving of love and forgiveness and understanding, too. When he began to make friends among these enemies of "decent" folk, in an effort to preach not only to the converted, he confused conventional liberal do-gooders, and it was *their* turn to call him a traitor to his kind. Will Campbell tells us less of this than he could, not being the kind to toot his own horn, but that is the kind of maverick who wrote this book: a cussing, tobacco-chewing, light-boozing, good heart whom the muckraking journalist Bob Sherrill once described as one who "intellectualizes primitivity."

There is a lyrical quality to the early portions of Campbell's book and—for one raised in the rural South, anyhow—a good feel of nostalgia and déjà vu. The place is backwater Mississippi, and the time is that of the Great Depression, when families felt married to their ancestral acres and were wedded to their own blood. It is a time of fatal childhood diseases and primitive medicines, of simple country pleasures and hard punishments that were sometimes paraded as justice. Here is Will Campbell recalling the legal hanging of a young man who'd killed in passion: "The body was lowered gently and tenderly to the ground and taken inside as if the whole thing had been an accident." Here he recalls the response of poor country kids who have been challenged by one of their peers to bet a dime that he could not fly: "None of us had a dime so all of us took the bet." Gospel churches, hog-killing time, the WPA, and hope in Franklin D. Roosevelt leap from the "Morning" section of this book. You can feel the grits and the gravy.

Will is the younger brother of Joe, and Joe was the family dreamer in a time and place where few dared to dream. He was protector, coach, and pal. When Joe went off to the Civilian Conservation Corps and returned home to parade his uniform, Will Campbell idolized him. He was enthralled as Joe told the tales the older brother swore to write one day for all the world to read. Joe was the best and the brightest; in short, he was Big Brother. The greatest kind of love affair existed in their union.

But life has a way of leaving its mark, and early on Joe appeared doomed. Only a loving brother would have failed for so long to have recognized it. A self-described "pill roller"—or pharmacist—Joe began to take amphetamine tablets long before medical science warned that "speed kills." Then he went on downers to offset the madness induced by the heavy dosages of uppers he was taking. The tragedy was predictable: a complete change in personality, trips in and out of what were alleged to be healing institutions, disintegration of family life and business life, and, after much pain and oceans of confusion, merciful death.

Though one sometimes wants to weep with or to shout at Will Campbell as he attempts to deal with his brother's misery, and though he sometimes appears too preachy and long-suffering for this impatient agnostic, he makes powerfully clear the complexities of love and blood; indeed, one sometimes feels he is reading a combination of Eugene O'Neill and William Faulkner. Will Campbell has produced a thought-provoking book as well as one so crammed with emotion that the reader may feel wrung out long before reaching the concluding page. ◉

Larry L. King is the coauthor of a play, The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas, *which opened in October at The Actor's Studio, in New York.*

False Images

On Photography
by Susan Sontag
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 207 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Edward Grossman

IN THE EARLY YEARS after the camera was invented, the partisans of photography hardly needed to claim that it made aspects of reality more accessible than ever and that the images it provided were invested with an aura of authority that writing or painting could never attain—both claims seemed almost self-evident, and self-evidently true. After all, a camera records what is there, whereas a painting or a piece of writing is interpreted through the sensibility of the painter or the writer. Just how simple-minded this comparison is, how actually "treacherous" photography may be as a recorder of the thing-that-is-there, Susan Sontag has no trouble showing in the six essays on "the meaning and career of photographs" collected here, and she is not the first to do so. A philosopher by training, she inquires whether reality can be apprehended in anything but images and symbols, decides it cannot, and suggests that the question is not whether images are useful, but *which* images, and for what purpose. Even considered ideally, outside the social and economic context in which they are produced and consumed, photographs are for Sontag inferior images, mere reflections of reality. They reveal only surfaces, and they are blind to what Sontag takes to be reality's essence: time passing.

Photography's inferior but nevertheless inexorable version of reality is much on Sontag's mind. What she discusses in most of her book, however, is no strictly philosophical question of epistemology—how reality may be perceived and knowledge gained—but rather photography in its context: a tool, an industry, an activity, that "imposes a way of seeing" and therefore, perhaps, actually alters reality.

To take a photograph, she writes, "is to appropriate the thing photographed." This concept of getting in order to use up is very important in understanding photography's function. She repeats one of the earliest criticisms, heard back in the 1840s: "There is an aggression implicit in every use of the camera." This appropriation, this stealing without touching, this having a semblance of knowledge, she likens to perversion, "a chronic voyeuristic relation to the world which levels the meaning of all events." Everything is camera grist, and in the end, no matter what the photographer may want, everything becomes equal in value so long as it makes an interesting picture. This is the "democratizing" effect of photography—an effect that its American pioneers, like Stieglitz, who were yea-saying disciples of Walt Whitman, were lucky not to live to witness in its full flowering.

Yet already in the last century, as Sontag says, photographers were attracted to poverty, freakishness, and pain. Their explanation even then was apt to be that they wished to expose conditions, to arouse conscience, as Jacob Riis did with his slum studies. Sontag shrewdly enough rejects such excuses. The itch to photograph another's misery doesn't spring from liberal motives, and the effect of publishing the photos is certainly not ameliorative. "Like sexual perversion, [photographing misfortune or atrocity] is a way of at least tacitly—often explicitly—encouraging whatever is going on to keep happening." Far from mobilizing outrage, then, the cumulative effect of "concerned" photos is to stupefy or bemuse.

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For Sontag the deadening of response that photographs bring about in their viewers (all of us?), no less than in the photographer himself, has a vital "artistic" function in what she calls "capitalist" society. The work of a recently acclaimed photographer, Diane Arbus, "is a good instance of a leading tendency of high art in capitalist countries: to suppress, or at least reduce, moral and sensory queasiness." In other words, photography has, by the most advanced definition, an immoral effect, constraining instead of multiplying the possibilities of experience. How does this happen?

Sontag sees that photography, leveling everything, also beautifies. Let the subject be what it will—pollution, death, war—photography will tend to make it look aesthetically pleasing, and the better the photographer, the more "beautiful" the image. W. Eugene Smith's series on mercury poisoning in Japan is, first and last, beautiful. Any halfway conscious photographer must be aware of this transformation of suffering into beauty, and it should torment him. There is, however, no way to head it off. "Notwithstanding the declared aims of indiscreet, unposed, often harsh photography to reveal truth, not beauty," Sontag writes, "photography still beautifies." That, she says, not wholly ironically, is its "most enduring triumph." There is no way to prevent the metamorphosis, except to stop taking pictures. This extreme remedy is where the logic of Sontag's analysis leads, yet she never quite faces it, perhaps because demanding a stop would be quixotic. She does imply that some writers and painters have represented war and other devilish subjects more reliably, with less bad faith, than have photographers. But writers and painters in the West are now at their wits' end.

One of the sources of the tension in *On Photography*, which is really a profoundly reactionary meditation, is the fact that Sontag, although she has tried her hand at movies, is basically an intellectual devoted to words on paper and thus is somewhat old-fashioned. Ten years ago, she became known as the herald of a "new sensibility," one that took distinctions between art and science, between high and low, to be largely, though not entirely, false and irrelevant and that dismissed the old, mainly literary notion that art is the criticism of life. Photography was then among the modes that this supposedly new sensibility employed. More enthusiastically than gin-

Edward Grossman is a free-lance writer whose criticism appears frequently in Commentary *and other periodicals.*

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gerly, Sontag embraced and sought to enter this new sensibility, although a perceptive reader even then might have detected that photography really induced a certain revulsion in her. Ten years ago, she couldn't have written such an utterly damning sentence as this: "The presence and proliferation of all photographs contribute to the erosion of the very nature of meaning." So she, or the culture, or both have traveled a distance in the past decade, and today Sontag can convey more directly the plight of a bookish, moralizing, critical mind in a camera culture. She now gives the impression of being an outsider rather than an insider, with a corresponding gain in the balance and depth of her criticism, but also with an increase in anxiety.

The future of photography and its offspring, movies and video, will be, she fears, surveillance and pornography. Our learned and eventually inherited preference for "images" over "real things" will be given another incentive when holography—Huxley's feelies—is perfected and marketed. Yet the magical, sensual properties of photographs and the second-rate pleasures of shooting a camera still apparently hold sway over Sontag, complicating her writing and her prophecy. She thinks or hopes that things need not turn out in the worst way. Her final essay, "The Image-World," in which she analyzes how the habit of seeing photographically has changed, probably irrevocably, our conception of reality, is as superb as it is odd, ending with Sontag accepting photography almost as ruefully as Carlyle's lady accepted the universe. ◉

An American Auden

Delmore Schwartz: The Life of an American Poet
by James Atlas
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 448 pp., $15

Reviewed by Walter Arnold

IT IS 11 years since Delmore Schwartz's body lay unclaimed for days in a New York City morgue, where, as Saul Bellow wrote, "there were no readers of modern poetry." Schwartz had been taking out the trash when he succumbed to a heart attack in the hallway of a fleabag hotel off Times Square, where he lived quite alone. He was fifty-three.

At twenty-four he had published a masterpiece, the short story "In Dreams Begin Responsibilities," an evocation of the lives of first-generation Jewish-American parents by a child of the second, which led the way to the extraordinary flowering of Jewish-American literature in the Forties and Fifties. (Vladimir Nabokov singled out "In Dreams" as one of his half-dozen favorite stories in modern literature.) At the same time, Schwartz was writing and publishing powerful lyric poetry that Allen Tate said was "the first real innovation [in style] that we've had since Eliot and Pound." (Schwartz's publisher, James Laughlin, of New Directions, called him, with reason, "the American Auden.") And he was beginning to publish some of the most lucid, shrewd, useful, and enjoyable literary and cultural criticism of his time. That was in the late Thirties.

In the late Fifties and early Sixties Schwartz began to disappear even from the anthologies, and it was easy for a distant admirer to believe he had already died. As a freshman at Harvard in the middle Fifties, I read some of his wonderful poems — "Socrates' Ghost Must Haunt Me Now," "The Heavy Bear," "The Ballad of the Children of the Czar," "In the Naked Bed, In Plato's Cave"—and never knew that Schwartz himself had been a graduate student in philosophy there and had taught in the English department until 1947. By the time I arrived, no one in the philosophy department had been there long enough to remember him (his teachers, including Whitehead, were all gone), and the English department could not have been expected to cherish his memory—Schwartz called it "a snake pit" and left without notice.

Now it seems that Delmore's ghost must haunt us. In just the past few years there has been an amazing welling-up of recollection and appraisal: his friend John Berryman's conjuration of Schwartz in *Dream Songs* (which reminds one of Robert Lowell's affecting portrait of him in *Life Studies*, a volume that in its style owes a great deal to Schwartz); a remarkable prose memoir by one of his oldest and best friends, the philosopher and writer William Barrett; the first published collection (in 1970) of Schwartz's superb critical essays, with a memoir by Dwight Macdonald; and, most famous, Saul Bellow's massive and mythic homage and exorcism in *Humboldt's Gift*.

Finally, James Atlas, a poet, critic, and staff writer for *Time*, offers us Bellow's Von Humboldt Fleisher plain: "the phoenix," in Schwartz's own prophetic line, "with eight hundred thousand memories." With access, apparently, to everything ever written or said about him, publicly or privately (there will be endless ingroup arguments about the material in this book), and, more important, with access to everything saved from the chaotic mountain of Schwartz's unpublished journals, notes, stories, novel, and poems, Atlas has given us all the pieces with which to make a complete picture of one of the most wonderful, gifted, troubled, and ultimately tragic per-

"I don't have anything against you personally, Daddy. It's just that I don't think clowns are funny."

Walter Arnold, former editorial director of Liveright, is a free-lance editor and writer.

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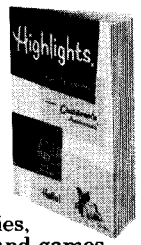

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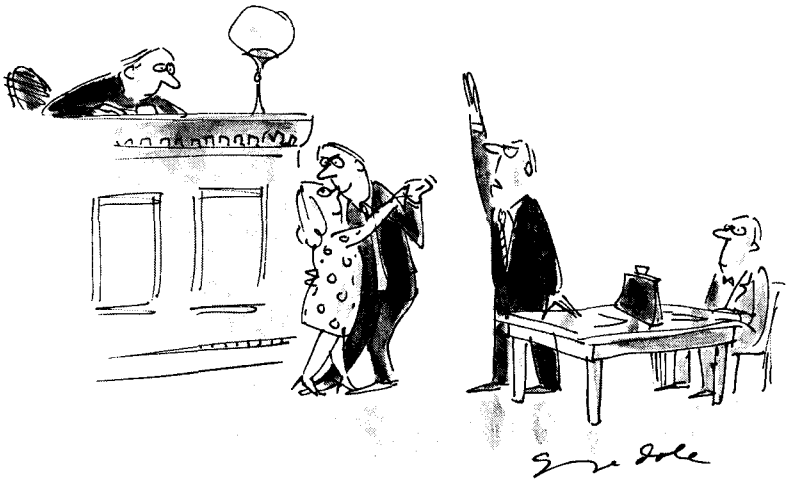
sonalities of his generation. It's all here: Schwartz's birth (by a deception on the part of his mother) in Brooklyn, in 1913; his crippling mother ("Go knock your head against the wall!" she'd snap when he was bored, and "May you come home in your coffin!" when he went out); his temporarily rich and indulgent father who fled when Delmore was nine and then died nearly broke when the boy was fifteen; his brilliant but erratic performance in school; his writing career that began with the appearance of his work in a Pocono camp journal and culminated in the winning of the Bollingen Prize; from early on, his sometimes violent reaction to personal slights and later, his self-destructive paranoia after years of manic-depressive battering; his two marriages and divorces and the multitude of liaisons that led to no real relationships; his engeniused,magnificent talk, full of fantastic wit and philosophical acumen.

What went wrong? A lot of things. James Atlas offers almost too many, and some contradictory, explanations. Schwartz was certainly wounded for life by what he called "the family romance," and he was in fact, as Bellow emphasized, devoted to creating works of intrinsic value—an activity that America's remorseless pragmatism often doesn't even comprehend, much less support the pursuit of—while at the same time hoping to cash in on the American Dream with his talent. Also, he was a highly self-conscious "Jew/criticized from the start/about motives of the heart" and so in his own mind alienated on two counts from the majority culture. And he was willful, arrogant, bellicose, and hopelessly narcissistic. In a sense, in his whole life he never found or made an object or a person equal to his greatest obsession—himself. Beyond all this, he was dogged by insomnia most of his life and became addicted to barbiturates at an early age. In his late twenties he turned increasingly to alcohol and to amphetamines (the combination finally did him in) to counteract the effects of the other drugs. So it is tempting to think that Schwartz's very real madness at the end was, as Atlas speculates, pharmacologically caused. But that is too easy a reduction. There is no time to go into it here—Atlas seems unsympathetic to it—but Schwartz's was, as William Barrett argues, an essentially religious nature. And W. H. Auden, in a remarkable six-page letter to Schwartz (quoted by Atlas), in my view correctly identifies Schwartz's egocentric predicament, reflected in his poetry, as an essentially religious problem. He was torn apart by the conflict between his radical need for transcendence and his inability to let go of himself. This does not, however, absolve the mutually unsupportive, envious, and competitive ("Even paranoids have real enemies" was Schwartz's best-known epigram) literary-academic world (Syracuse University, where Schwartz taught near the end, is a shining exception) from some responsibility for his final isolation.

What went right with Schwartz, especially in his work, is at least as important as what went wrong, and it is just as clearly documented and commented upon in Atlas's biography. Thus, his view is a necessary corrective to Bellow's tendentious and cynical view of the poet in *Humboldt's Gift*, though Bellow's portrait is far more vivid and coherent. (The great disappointment of Atlas's biography is that he has indeed given us all the necessary materials for making a whole picture of the man, without making one himself; he has given a true account of the sensibility of his subject, without making the subject himself



"I object, Your Honor. The counsel is leading the witness."

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stand clear.) Certainly Schwartz must have been, as many have witnessed, filled with a nobility of poetic and intellectual passion that inspired others to seek the good, as he did. And as Atlas says, for all of Schwartz's comprehensive knowledge of high culture, he displayed a wonderfully democratic openness to possibilities of truth and value coming from all kinds of American popular sources. (Baseball was for him "the most lucid product of American life," and he was devoted to it and to the movies, although he was hilariously critical of television.)

Let his aunt Clara, who claimed his body, have the next-to-last, fittingly simple words here: "Our house wasn't Jewish in dishes, or in always going to *shul*. Jewish is heart. Delmore was Jewish." And let Delmore, in a selection from his long autobiographical poem, "Genesis Book II," have the last, oddly Audenesque words:

Though as the poet said, After such knowledge, What forgiveness?
yet will you be forgiven,
Though you do not forgive yourself! ◉

The Poet as Bald Eagle

Robert Frost: The Work of Knowing
by Richard Poirier
Oxford University Press, 322 pp., $11.95

Reviewed by Katha Pollitt

ROBERT FROST is the Andrew Wyeth of American poetry. Countless people who are otherwise indifferent to modern poetry—if not downright contemptuous of it—know "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening" by heart, just as many people who cheerfully hate modern art treasure a reproduction of "Christina's World" on their living room wall. Like Wyeth, Frost offers his audience surfaces that are immediately recognizable, pastoral, and pleasing, and many of his most passionate admirers are precisely those who have looked no further. Often, indeed, his poems are so charming, so ingratiating, that they seem actively to discourage further looks. The result is that when people say they love Robert Frost—and of all American poets he is the only one who can by any stretch of the imagination be called beloved—all too often what they mean is that they love Vermont and weathered barns and people who would rather take the road less

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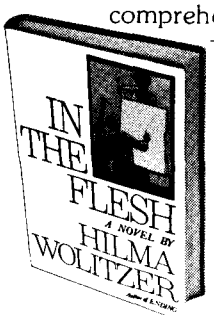

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WILLIAM MORROW

traveled by than go on welfare.

This state of affairs is at least partly Frost's own fault. "There is a kind of success called 'of esteem,' " he wrote to a friend a few years before the publication of his first book, "and it butters no parsnips." Frost was a consummate butterer of parsnips: His public image of folksy philosopher and twinkly eyed anti-intellectual had a profound appeal for the general reader, upon whose middlebrow nostalgia for rural simplicities he played with greater skill than was good for either of them. His popular success had its price, too, in the snobbish condescension of mandarin critics, who rather vengefully typed him as a minor poet who refused to grapple with the central concerns of the age. Even now, much of what passes for criticism of Frost is really a covert debate about his fitness as a national totem—the poet as bald eagle.

The discussion surrounding Lawrence Thompson's massive official biography, the last volume of which was published this spring, is a good example of how moral categories tend to replace literary ones where Frost is concerned. While most reviewers relished Thompson's depiction of the poet as an ethical fraud, and most letters-to-the-editor writers took to the barricades in defense of traditional America and the good old ways, the book's real weakness—that it fails to account, except in the crudest biographical terms, for the growth of Frost as an artist—went unnoticed.

Richard Poirier's book should do much, one hopes, to scotch this debate forever. "In writing this book," he says early on, "I found myself sometimes straining against the familiar in order to reach him where he most intensely lives in his writing. And yet the Frost I got to know was always somehow restoring himself to the lineaments of a massively settled official portrait." Poirier's central accomplishment is his reintegration of the popular and the literary Frost, so that we no longer choose sides between a poseur and a genius but see him whole, as one of those classically great writers for whom "the surfaces are as important as the depths."

The Frost Poirier presents is a far more complex figure than we may have bargained for. He is, for example, as deeply philosophical as Stevens, with whom he shares a profound debt to Emerson; yet Frost's metaphors, unlike Stevens's, are always firmly grounded in an actual situation

This summer Katha Pollitt was the first poet in residence at The Robert Frost Place in Franconia, New Hampshire.

BY T. H. WHITE
The Unpublished Conclusion to *The Once and Future King*
Prologue by Sylvia Townsend Warner

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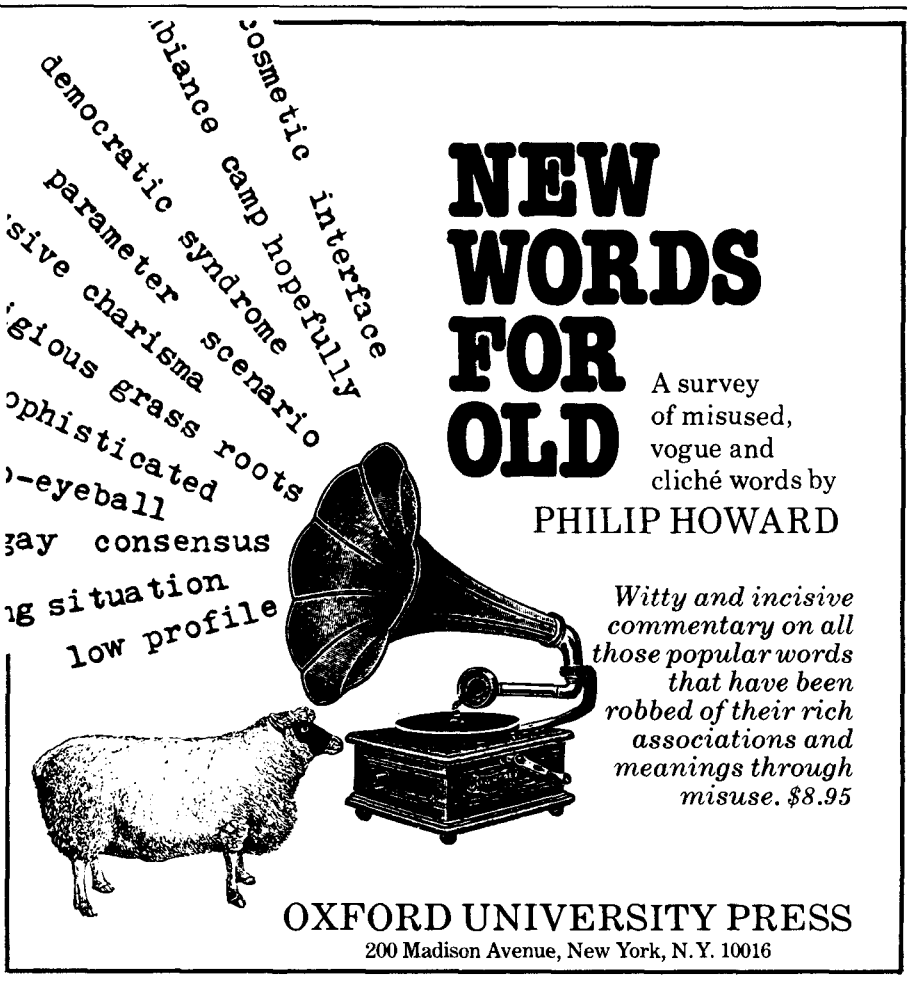
recounted by a particular human voice: His spring pools are, among other things, real water. Where Eliot is a chronicler of sexual ineffectuality, Frost is "a great poet of marriage, maybe the greatest since Milton, and of the sexuality that goes along with it." Where Eliot mourned a modern loss of historical and cultural continuity—and mirrored our fragmentation in the artful obscurities of *The Waste Land*—Frost saw the twentieth century as no worse than any other (meaning that all ages have been pretty awful) and saw the task of poetry, and indeed of all human labor, as the imposition of form on chaos. It is precisely in such labor that human life has value for Frost, so that after conjuring up a vision of "hugeness and confusion shading away from where we stand into black and utter chaos, and against the background any small man-made figure of order and concentration," he slyly adds, "What pleasanter than that this should be so?" Poirier has many tart things to say about Eliot and Joyce and the critics who placed them so centrally in our literary tradition while keeping Frost politely but firmly off to one side. He makes an effective argument that Frost's maturity and humaneness are precisely what has prevented his acceptance by a critical consensus that dismisses such qualities as insensitivity to contemporary dilemmas.

In close readings of poem after poem, Poirier elucidates the tensions between the strongly felt contraries that obsessed Frost: domesticity and a need for freedom, reticence and passion, the meaningless sounds of nature and the accents of the human voice. *The Work of Knowing* belongs on the shelf of everyone who thinks there's nothing much to be said about such standbys as "Home Burial" or "The Wood-Pile." At first grudgingly, then gladly, one forgives Poirier his overlarge claims for poems, like "Rose Pogonias," that resume their slight, graceful outlines in the mind as soon as one turns the page. Occasionally, he seems to read too subtly admittedly subtle poems. I can just barely accept, for example, the possibility that Frost uses the word *appall* in the next to last line of "Design" to mean "make pale" in the sense that *pale* can mean "enclosure"—but I can't help feeling that the credit for this verbal tour de force belongs to Poirier, and not to Frost. But then, is there an English professor alive today who can resist the temptation to make poets sound like English professors alive today? Poirier has, in fact, the revealing stylistic habit of identifying writers with the scholars who have explicated them: He speaks of "Hartman's Wordsworth" and of the emotions shown by this poet "in, say, 'Nutting,' and in David Ferry's fine analysis of it." I suppose next year's academic criticism will offer us "Poirier's Frost."

This is a difficult, challenging book; would that its only difficulty were the challenge of its content. Poirier's prose can be quite a struggle of its own, though, and when complexities of argument combine with turgidity of style, it can be genuinely hard to follow. It is certainly curious that the verbally pungent and scrupulous Frost should be championed in flaccid circumlocutions, whereby "walks" become "ambulatory itineraries," and in hip professorial puns ("the dream is rather a wet one," he notes of an early poem about a vision of women in mist). It's a tribute to the real originality of Poirier's insights that the title of his book is more than an unfortunately apt comment on the efforts required of his readers: The knowledge he offers is indeed worth the work. ◉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Reality in Fantasy

by Doris Grumbach

SHE WAS BORN in Denmark into the aristocratic Dinesen family and named Karen. She married her cousin, Baron Bror Blixen, and went with him to Africa, where they operated a coffee plantation purchased for them by their two families. Karen Blixen's marriage was to become the tragedy of her life; from her husband she contracted a venereal disease (which she fought but ultimately succumbed to). She divorced her husband, stayed on in Africa to run the plantation alone for 10 years, and then, after the coffee market collapsed, left her beloved country and friends and returned to Denmark.

Although she had written some stories when she was young, she launched her career as a writer in 1931, taking the nom de plume of Isak Dinesen. She published her memoirs, *Out of Africa* (1938), and a series of short stories and novellas that she herself termed "gothic" (*Seven Gothic Tales*, *Winter's Tales*, and *Last Tales*). These books became justly celebrated. All three were critically praised, and all three were Book-of-the-Month Club choices. The stories in these collections are now widely anthologized, studied in college courses, read and reread by lovers of fiction everywhere. Isak Dinesen is now a familiar name to the Western literary world; she was a master storyteller, a writer of unusual imaginative powers, a prose stylist as skilled in English as in her native Danish.

While she was still in Africa, Dinesen sketched out some stories, fairy tales, and romances that would, she wrote, "take my mind a long way off." In the following 30 years she went on writing them whenever her poor health would permit. When she died in 1962, she left some unpublished manuscripts, finished and unfinished, among her papers. Several of these are now, fortunately, available to us in a new collection, *Carnival: Entertainments and Posthumous Tales* (University of Chicago Press, $10).

Dinesen's "tales" and "entertainments" are special, even unique. No one could possibly confuse them with those of any other writer. Her prose is formal and dignified. She uses an almost stiff diction, as if she were assigning her stories to a future without jargon or idiom, to a permanent library shelf where the degraded language of the street, the airwaves, and newsprint no longer exists and only her stately prose endures.

Two of the best stories in this new collection, "The de Cats Family" and "Uncle Theodore," were written in Danish and translated well by P. M. Mitchell and W. D. Paden. There is no difference between the easily identifiable sound of Dinesen's voice in these stories and those she wrote in English. It is the same elegant, sinewy, elevated diction. Legend, fairy tale, family history—all are told in her own aristocratic voice, witty, ironic, and so subtle in its final "turn" that they seem to ascend out of story into the higher reaches of myth, saga, and *Edda*.

"The de Cats Family" is an early tale (1909) and proves how quickly Dinesen's style and narrative manner were formed (she was twenty-five when she wrote it). The de Cats are, like the townspeople of Hadleyburg in Twain's famous story, known throughout the land for their honesty and righteousness. But every generation of this upright family ("being a member of the de Cats family was equivalent to being a superior person") contains one black sheep. It turns out that the family's probity depends on the existence of "one member of the family who takes on the burden of all the family's sins. All the errors that might have been distributed among us all are accumulated in one of us, and by this means the rest of us are freed."

This discovery is made when the last black sheep, Jeremias, reforms. The whole family begins to slip morally; they consult with each other and decide to bribe the reformed son to return to his evil ways. This is a fine solution for both the reader and Jeremias: "How wisely and oddly life is arranged, better than I could have imagined it. How pleasant it is that we all of us end in being happy; you have the heavenly satisfaction of being superior human beings, while I who will lack that pleasure will have others in recompense."

There are other equally good stories. I

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especially liked "The Proud Lady," a small, paradoxical, charming, and graceful episode in the life of a guillotine executioner during the French Revolution. And "Anna"—an unfinished longer story that unfolds like Chinese boxes, one episode opening up on another—is full of fairy tale and gothic elements: a deaf and dumb woman, a heroine who is a servant girl, a royal lover, a kidnapping, the sale of the heroine into the ballet, and so forth. At her very best, Isak Dinesen makes solemn sense of what, under a lesser pen, might be nonsense. The brief story of a suspected murderer, "The Fat Man," and the longer mythic tale, "The Bear and the Kiss," with its superhuman hero, Joshua, are lovely stories—or winter's tales, because they fit so well with a comfortable chair before a blazing fire on a cold winter's evening.

"A poet's mission in life ... [is] to make others confound fiction with reality in order to render them, for an hour, mysteriously happy," the Fat Man is overheard saying to his friend in a bar. He is, without intention, describing Isak Dinesen's own accomplishment. Her great strength is that she combines fantasy (what we used to call "imagination") with an intensity so pure and strong that it impresses us as reasonable, as real. "The only *really* real things... are those which one makes up oneself, and which are not *like* other things," a painter tells his bedridden niece in "The Ghost Horses," another good tale.

The entertainments and tales in this posthumous collection are completely unlike other things by anyone else. That is their greatest virtue. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 97

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 76.

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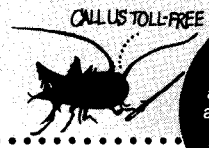

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

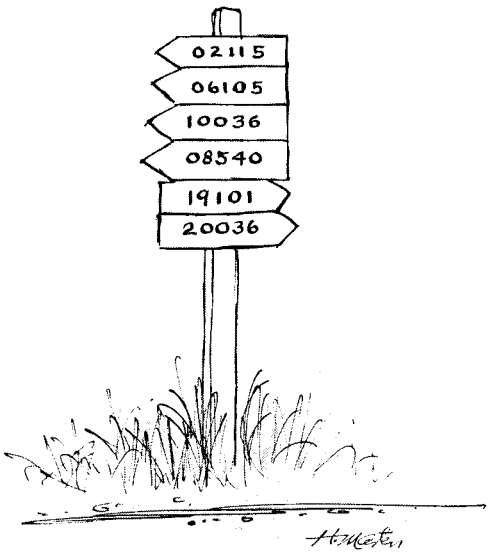
Sad-Happy Poems

Good poems by Peter Meinke have been popping up in magazines for the past few years, and now we have his first book, *The Night Train and the Golden Bird* (University of Pittsburgh Press, $3.50 paper). They are mostly sad-happy poems about human relationships, children, approaching middle age: slangy, humorous, and likable. Here's "Erotic Poem":

I am too embarrassed
to write an erotic poem for you:
suppose my mother read it, or your mother?
What would they think
if I listed the various parts
of our anatomies
that work so well together?
What would they think
of this position or that place,
the look on your face just before,
the feeling I have just after?
I think I shall have to wait
until our mothers are gone
and by then it may be too late.
In the meantime,
baby,
you turn me on.

Ycleptomania

Some months ago I tore out of the *Paris Review* a charming article on unusual names and stuck it in a file of things that interest me. Now, lo! (and even behold!) the article appears as a book, *Remarkable Names of Real People*, by John Train (Potter/Crown, $4.95), gussied up with an introduction by S. J. Perelman and clever drawings by Pierre Le Tan. All the names have been verified; most of us have heard of some of them before—Ima Hogg, A. Toxen Worm—and I've actually met a few of the people who are listed—the actress Joy Bang and Cunard Line's Sir Basil Smallpiece. Unusual names abound everywhere: My ex-mother-in-law grew up in North Carolina with a girl named Pink Gash; I recently came across a children's book by Odd Bjerke, a Norwegian naturalist (does he have a brother Bjorn?); and from a recent *Times Literary Supplement* piece on names, I garnered Henry Will Burst, Lettuce Goedebed, and David Bowie's poor kid, Zowie. Of the hundreds of names in the book, I favor Bathsheba Finkelstein, Gaston J. Feeblebunny, Humperdink Fangboner, and Mary Louise Pantzaroff. How about you? The publishers have agreed to give a free copy of Train's book to any of my readers who send me a really remarkable, authentic name not in the book. The judge to be John Train. Just send me the name on a postcard, and the best will be mentioned here. Contest to run for two months. Hint: The book has an index of the names therein.



Is You All On?

"Two hundred and eighty-five pounds of jam, jive, and *everything*!" is how Fats Waller described himself. Oh, the incomparable Fats: such joie de vivre, playfulness, genius! An inadequate biography appeared 10 years ago, and ever since I've been hoping for a good one. Now we've just received another bad one and a good one. *Fats Waller* (Schirmer/Macmillan, $12.95), hacked out by Waller's son, Maurice, and Anthony Calabrese, has little to recommend it but the photographs and appendices. The other, *Fats Waller: His Life and Times*, by Joel Vance, a knowledgeable musicologist (Contemporary Books, $8.95), is well written, loving, and musically hip. When I was a boy I witnessed Fats play the organ (his favorite instrument) at the Paramount Theatre. As relayed in the book, he lowered himself slowly onto the piano stool, saying to himself and to the audience, "Is you all on, Fats? Yes, I sees you is." I never tire of him. What had he? Here's how the author puts it:

The superb pianistics, the vocal horseplay, and the feeling that he was unabashedly enjoying himself. The third factor is what made him famous and loved. Few performers of his time could strike an immediate comradeship with their audiences and become so intimate while retaining the artistic distance necessary to perform.

Dot Dot Dot

The Nobel people have again outdone themselves in the matter of obscurity, but if you want to read poems by Vincente Aleixandre, ask your bookseller for the small press publication *Twenty Poems of Vincente Aleixandre* (Seventies Press, Madison, Minnesota—*not* Wisconsin) or *The Destruction of Love and Other Poems* (Green Horse Press, Santa Cruz, California). There's also a selection of the newest prizewinner's poems in the Harper & Row anthology of Spanish poets, *Roots and Wings*, edited by Hardie St. Martin....The tenth anniversary issue of that fine literary journal *Confrontation* is coming in January—all 200 pages of it, with such stars as Arthur Miller, Alvin Toffler, Cynthia Ozick, I. B. Singer, and Prix Goncourt winner Emile Ajar. A bargain at $2 from Southhampton College, Southhampton, New York 11968....A distinctive and inside look at where we've been lately, mostly in the arts, mainly in New York—touching on Ginsberg, Lowell, Warhol, Baez, Abbie Hoffman—is fine journalist Sidney Bernard's *Witnessing: The Seventies* (Horizon, $12.95)....The publishers write me that "there's resistance among bookstores, and indeed from the salesmen who sell to them," to their unusual book, *End Product: The First Taboo*, by Dan Sabbath and Mandel Hall (Urizen, $10). It's about—you guessed it!—and is full of...much shocking and amusing lore.

Books in Brief

Abba Eban: An Autobiography

by Abba Eban
Random House, 640 pp., $15

Anyone who has ever heard Abba Eban deliver a speech before the United Nations will remember forever the occasion, the man, and the acerbic style of classical rhetoric. Owl-eyed and awkwardly intellectual, speaking the King's English with an Oxford accent acquired at Cambridge—along with a half-dozen other languages, including Arabic and Persian—Abba Eban is the very model of a modern foreign minister. And to read his autobiography is to learn the intimate and discreet details of the founding of the state of Israel as well as its subsequent political history.

Abba Eban: An Autobiography is most exciting and informative when Eban de-

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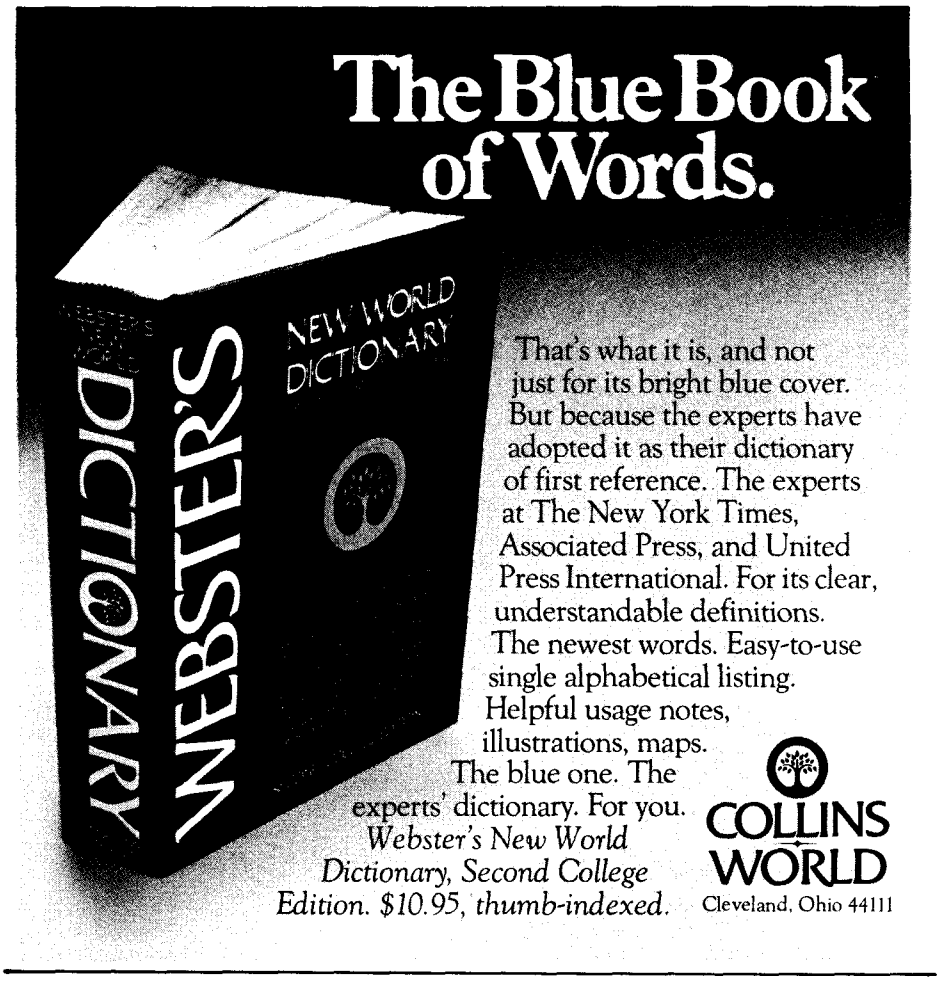
scribes matters of policy-making in which he participated: the Suez campaign of 1956, the Six-Day War of 1967, and the Yom Kippur War of 1973. In his careful, firsthand documentation of these events, incidents are revealed that startle and that raise stark questions. In the year following the Six-Day War, Eban had a number of secret meetings with Jordanian leaders, and the Allon plan for the West Bank—a plan that would have returned two thirds of the occupied territory while keeping Jerusalem entirely within Israel—was submitted, only to be rejected by King Hussein. In late 1969, during a period that Israelis refer to as the "war of attrition," then prime minister Yitzhak Rabin was anxious to embark on a military adventure that would have resulted in the capture of Cairo and the elimination of Nasser, but he was restrained by Eban and other members of the cabinet. According to Eban, Rabin persisted, and he executed a bombing raid on January 7, 1970, that struck an area less than 12 miles from Cairo. In radical disagreement with this action, Eban argues that it was this bombing raid that caused Egypt to turn to Russia for the advanced weaponry that enabled Egypt to mount a sustained assault on the Suez Canal in the Yom Kippur War.

There is a bitterness at the root of this splendid book, and it is no accident that such an intensely political treatise should appear at just this juncture in Israeli politics. The chief prize of prime minister has always eluded Eban, and he himself argues that the reason has to do with the Labor party regulars' suspicions both of his intellectuality and of his dovish position on a number of issues. What Eban fails to consider—or at least never argues—is that the temperament of the Israeli establishment is such that no one can achieve the highest political office without long service in the kibbutz movement and/or in the military. While others were fighting the crucial Israeli wars, Abba Eban was making speeches before the United Nations.

Indeed, his bitterness and ambition are so great that in July Eban crossed party lines in order to lobby in Washington on behalf of the Begin government—a matter mentioned in the book's epilogue almost as an afterthought, but never accounted for.

Of paramount interest to Jews and to students of the Middle East, Eban's autobiography will also appeal to those who have learned their Orwellian lessons well. For the book seeks to further a number of personal strategies, though not all of them are immediately visible on the smooth, slippery surface of Eban's liquid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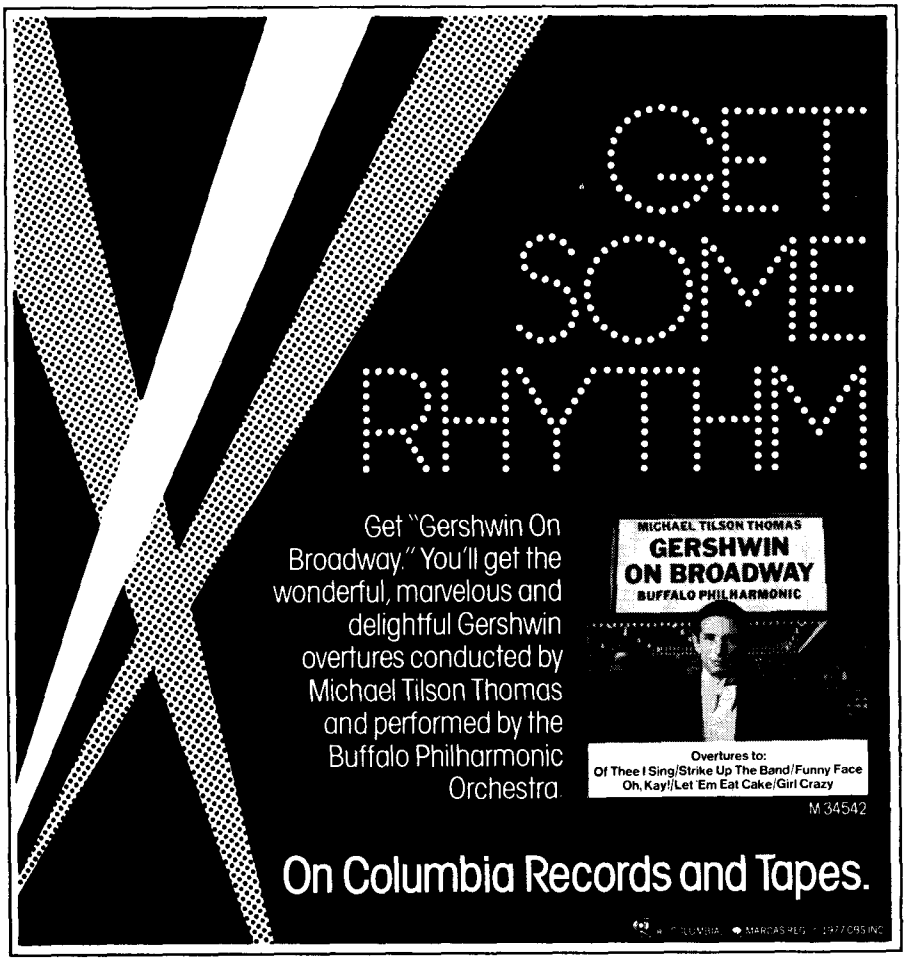
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use of language. At its very least, Eban's autobiography is a brilliant apologia for Israel's moderate foreign policy in the past. —DAN ISAAC

The Shrine and Other Stories
by Mary Lavin
Houghton Mifflin, 156 pp., $6.95

In these five stories set in Ireland, Mary Lavin explores the problems of nice, intelligent people loving one another in difficult circumstances. A young woman brings home to her uncle, who is a priest, a fiancé contemptuous of the priest's commercial exploitation of a supposed holy place. An elderly woman living with her daughter and son-in-law tries desperately to hide from them what she fears are signs of senility. A bride whose husband unexpectedly turns their honeymoon into an archaeological expedition finds that the ancient sites provoke complex and disturbing feelings.

As these summaries suggest, the stories are concerned mainly with female sensibilities and preoccupations. The men in them, however, are also drawn with sympathy and affection. Mary Lavin's writing is lucid, careful, and compassionate, but it generally maintains a very low temperature, which makes the odd burst of passion stand out strikingly, so that one wishes for more. One of these passages is the opening of "Tom," and it vividly mingles religious with sensual imagery: "My father's hair was black as the Devil's, and he flew into black, black rages. When he spoke of death, as he often did, he spoke of when he'd be put down in the black hole. You could say that everything about him was black except his red blood, his fierce blue eyes, and the gold spikes of love with which he pierced me to the heart when I was a child." —RHODA KOENIG

The Fork River Space Project
by Wright Morris
Harper & Row, 185 pp., $8.95

Wright Morris once contrasted the southern writer's penchant for the baroque with the plains writer's "inclination to shear the ornament off." Though not strictly a plains writer himself, Morris shares this austere preference: "I like a minimum of words arranged for a maximum effect." This new novel contains a chaste minimum of words—adjectives are as rare as trees on Morris's beloved plains—but the effect is the perfection of monotony.

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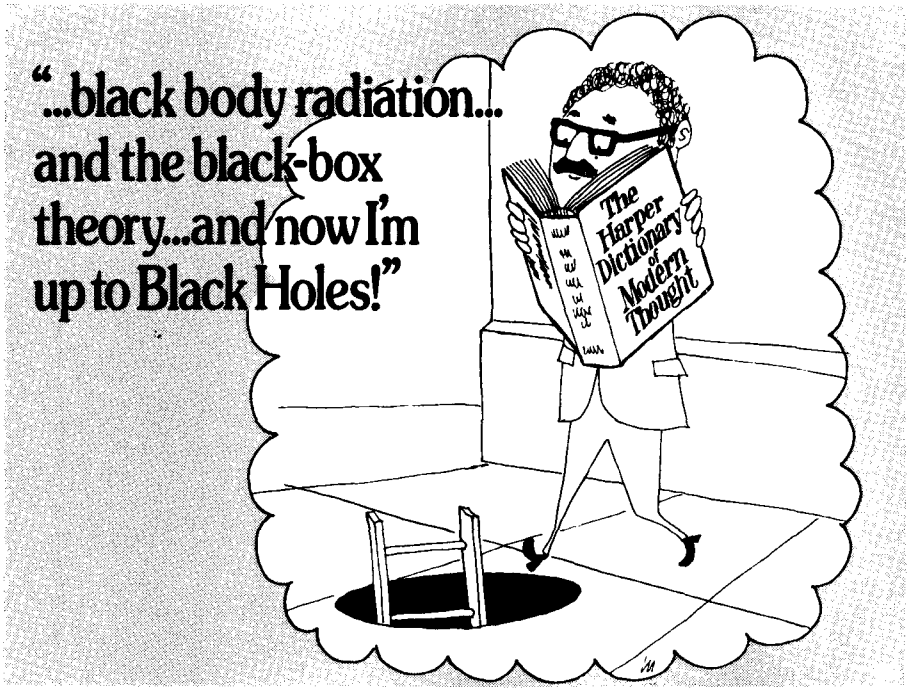
The story traces the marital and cosmic worries of an aging Nebraska writer, identified simply as "Kelcey," whose young wife is unaccountably drawn to a stick of a character, one O. P. Dahlberg, a handyman Kelcey hires to paint his house. Dahlberg becomes a partner in Kelcey's eccentric enterprise, the Fork River Space Project, a multimedia show featuring photographs of the earth and music from the film *2001*. The two partners also maintain a landing pad for flying saucers, the arrival of which they expect momentarily—apparently anything is possible in an abandoned Kansas town. Dahlberg steals Kelcey's wife, but his greater offense is to say things like "Life on this planet is a joke." Kelcey and his wife, the restless Alice, also make oracular remarks, and these potted profundities fairly leap out at the reader because the verbal tissue in which they are suspended is so thin. In this novel, Morris's nineteenth, a minimum of words has succeeded only in producing a minimum of imagined life. —JACK BEATTY

The Stationary Ark
by Gerald Durrell
Simon & Schuster, 256 pp., $7.95

As is usually the case with Gerald Durrell's writing, *The Stationary Ark* is full of amusing anecdotes about a range of fantastic subjects, from the culinary eccentricities of the ill-tempered *Potamogale velox*, or giant otter shrew, to the mating habits of the rare volcano rabbit. On one level this book is about zoos, particularly the one the renowned naturalist himself started on the island of Jersey.

More profoundly, however, *The Stationary Ark* is about the misuse of wild animals in captivity. Durrell deplores the reigning P. T. Barnum attitude toward zoo animals, citing numerous abuses by his zoo-keeping colleagues, and advocates the use of zoos not as forms of entertainment but as experimental stations and as "banks" of species endangered in the wild.

Durrell's material reveals a fascinating blind spot in modern zoological thought. We have volumes of information on common domestic animals such as dogs, cows, and pigs, but we are almost completely ignorant about the important facts of many wild animals' lives. A classical work like Pliny's *Historia Naturalis* or any medieval bestiary demonstrates the flights of fancy that the natural world has inspired. In his zoo stories, Durrell seems to be arguing that we may not have progressed as far as we may think. —PETER CANBY ◉



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Dance

Two TV "Nuts" for Christmas

by Walter Terry

The Nutcracker, the classic ballet that celebrates its eighty-fifth birthday this December, is finally coming—in full festive form—to television. A production made especially for TV by the Bolshoi Ballet in the Soviet Union will be aired December 18 on NBC (with Betty Ford as host), and CBS is offering a presentation staged by Mikhail Baryshnikov for the American Ballet Theatre, to be shown on Friday, December 16.

All of which is not to imply, of course, that the American public will only now become familiar with this magical, mystical Christmas ballet. *Nutcracker*s have bombarded or blessed (depending on one's viewpoint) the American public since 1954, when the New York City Ballet first presented its now historic version created by George Balanchine. Today there is hardly a ballet troupe—large or small, professional or amateur—in the land that does not mark the holidays with a production that is based on either the full Tchaikovsky score or the shorter "Nutcracker Suite"; evolved from the Petipa-Ivanov original of last century's Russian Imperial Ballet; and loosely taken from the story by E.T.A. Hoffmann, "The Nutcracker and the King of the Mice," which launched the whole affair. The ballet has graced television airwaves before as well, but only in excerpt.

Whatever the final scoreboard shows in the networks' contest between the two "Nuts" (as the old ballet is fondly called), the preliminary stroke of genius was made by CBS when Tony Charmoli, thrice an Emmy Award winner and a master of choreography for television, was engaged to direct Baryshnikov's *Nutcracker* for TV—which would require, of course, that this stage spectacle be translated into a small screen presentation.

The CBS offering, videotaped in Toronto on a vast TV studio stage, stars Baryshnikov as the Nutcracker Prince and Gelsey Kirkland as the heroine, with Alexander Mintz in the major mime role of the mysterious Dr. Drosselmeyer. I was on the set for part of the shooting schedule, and despite the inevitable frantic pace involved in filming a major production, the Christmas spirit prevailed throughout, with everybody loving everybody else. Charmoli introduced major television techniques and innovations, but always in consultation with Baryshnikov. "Misha, were you happy with that take?" asked Charmoli of Baryshnikov. "No, the ending wasn't good. Let's do it again." Or after Charmoli had shot an adaptation of a segment from the ballet, he said to Baryshnikov, "Now I'll shoot your version and you decide which you prefer." "Not necessary," said Baryshnikov. "I like yours."

All those concerned with the final product, sponsored by International Business Machines, Inc., are happy with it. Herman Krawitz, the executive producer, is positively merry about the production: "It went without a hitch, and everyone got along without one bit of friction."

The Bolshoi's *Nutcracker* was filmed for NBC live at Moscow's Bolshoi Theatre with a cast headed by Yekaterina Maximova and Vladimir Vassiliev (act one) and, because of an injury to Vassiliev, by Nadezhda Pavlova and Vacheslav Gordeyev in act two.

Nutcracker productions are good box office at Christmastime, but there are other old-time ballet classics that are good box office all year—such as *Swan Lake* (lots of Tchaikovsky also, plus feathers) and *Coppélia* (Delibes's airs and rhythms, plus dancing dolls). A new ballet contender for box office take is *Romeo and Juliet*. It seems as if every ballet troupe is having a whack at it, especially the full-length production with the celebrated Prokofiev score.

The masterful *Romeo and Juliet* accomplishments are credited to Sir Frederick Ashton (who can ever forget his triumphant staging in 1955 for the Royal Danish Ballet?); Leonid Lavrovsky (Bolshoi Ballet); Kenneth MacMillan (Royal Ballet); and John Cranko (Stuttgart Ballet). Two choreographers who have attempted to vie with them are Lorenzo Monreal, for the Pittsburgh Ballet Theatre, and Oscar Araiz, for the Joffrey Ballet. (Michael Smuin has an enormously successful *R and J* for his San Francisco Ballet; Bruce Marks has one for Ballet West; and Rudolf Nureyev has done a controversial production for London's Festival Ballet, all of which I hope to see in due course.)

Monreal's *Romeo and Juliet* for Pittsburgh is not a masterpiece, not by a long shot. It has some arid passages; the course of drama is a bit murky; and there is a hint, of all things, of a happy ending. But there are some very lovely pas de deux and, at the performance I attended, stunning dancing by the resident principals, JoAnn McCarthy and Dennis Poole.

The Joffrey's *Romeo and Juliet* of Oscar Araiz is, in a word, dreadful! It is not simply that it's very thin in production matters (no stage settings) or that it pretends to be a distillation of the Shakespearean play. The choreographer juggles and cuts the Prokofiev score, ignores the leitmotivs that relate the drama to the music, does away with Friar Lawrence and the wedding, and turns up with three Juliets all in one presentation—each heroine quite indistinguishable from the others! This is more than impertinence on the part of young Oscar. Does he really think he can improve on old Will Shakespeare?

Some may point out that José Limón dealt with the *Othello* theme with a cast of four, but for that modern dance masterpiece, Limón had a score especially constructed (music of Purcell) and did not use the word *Othello* in his title. What Oscar Araiz fails to recognize is that the Prokofiev score is programmatic; it cannot be ignored or, especially in his case, mutilated and violated.

But let that tastelessness pass for the moment. There is a scene in which Lord Capulet appears in costume and makeup that make him resemble Dracula in drag. This caricature is juxtaposed to an ensemble of figures dressed like Frankenstein monsters who move like a mass of Boris Karloffs, with rocking, lumbering gait. The duels are not duels and the street scenes and court scenes are not distinguishable (if, indeed, they are present at all).

I must confess that I felt driven (yea, driven!) to leave at intermission, for this was an awful ballet by a man who has shown talent in other choreographies—but it has been a talent accompanied by a lack of craftsmanship. Not even the love duets—the supposed balcony scene was filled with awkward patterns of action—worked any magic. This was the Joffrey company's first full-length ballet. It was not only the worst of the proliferating *Romeo* ballets I have seen, it was a full-length disaster. ◉

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Television

Bad News for Networks, Good News for PBS

by Karl E. Meyer

FOR ANYONE concerned with quality television programming, two hopeful auguries have appeared in an otherwise depressing year: a survey showing a steady decline in home viewing and President Carter's admirable message about public television. The networks appear to be losing ground, and the President has pointed the way to strengthening the only national alternative to commercial broadcasting.

As I write, the studies showing an audience loss have attracted attention mainly in the trade press. Ever since last March, according to A. C. Nielsen figures, fewer home TV sets have been turned on each month than in the comparable months last year. The decline has ranged from 1 to 6 percent—or millions of darkened sets. (During the same period, interestingly, ratings on family viewing of public television increased by 11.4 percent, according to a survey undertaken for the Public Broadcasting Service [PBS] by Nielsen.)

Why are fewer people watching commercial TV? The industry blames bad weather, arguing that after last winter's frigid temperatures, more Americans than ever took to the spring and summer sun. The trouble is that even after the present TV season began with all its new shows, there was a 5 percent decline in the number of viewers during the fourth week of September and 1 and 4 percent declines in the first two weeks of October.

Unimpressed by network apologetics, advertising agencies are using the figures as a bargaining counter, asking for additional commercial time to make up for the audience they paid to reach but failed to get.

The rest of us don't have a financial stake in the size of television audiences, but I like to believe that the American people are voting with their off switches. Not since the 1950s has the adult viewer been offered so little worth seeing on the networks. Prime time has been turned into a children's hour; even when there are attempts at innovation, the result is too often an embarrassment—as in ABC's much touted *Soap*, a comedy series so puerile that the parental guidance warning that precedes each episode is the funniest line in the script.

While the networks were battling for prime time supremacy—striving for the lowest possible common denominator—the White House released its anxiously awaited proposals for public television. The contents proved to be thoroughly sensible, a cogently reasoned and long overdue program of reform.

It is disappointing solely on matters of financing. The President is proposing only the most modest increase in federal funding for public television. In the current fiscal year, Congress has appropriated $152 million for the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB), the federal funding agency for both PBS and the National Public Radio (NPR). President Carter would raise that amount to $180 million by fiscal 1981 and to $200 million in the four succeeding years, a minimal increase.

Moreover, the Carter matching-fund formula would perpetuate the present situation in which 271 public television stations devote inordinate time and energy to pleading for membership dollars. At present, public stations must raise $2.50 for each dollar of federal funding; the President would reduce that required donation by only 25 cents—asking that $2.25 be raised for each federal dollar. Ideally, government funding should match private donations dollar for dollar.

"Can you keep a secret? I'm on a unicycle."

In other respects, the Carter program seems admirable. His plan would once and for all remove CPB from specific programming decisions, thereby eliminating a bureaucratic overlap with PBS, a legacy of the Nixon years. Under the present arrangement, producers of any important show for public television must present their case for funding to both CPB and PBS, and in many instances to corporate underwriters, foundations, and the two national endowments. Literally years are lost as producers wend through this labyrinth—it took two years, for example, simply to assure the funding of the widely praised *The Best of Families*.

Carter would earmark more money expressly for national programming. As his message asserts:

> More federal funds should be concentrated on national programming. By devoting more funds to national needs, public broadcasters can give producers adequate lead time and budget to create high-quality domestic productions.. [PBS] can provide complete coverage of news events, such as important congressional hearings, that commercial broadcasting rarely offers.

Under the Carter plan, the CPB's new role would be that of a system overseer—making broad allocations rather than specific program decisions—a change that would diminish the peril of federal meddling in programming. As an additional precaution, the White House—refreshingly—proposes to reduce its own authority. At present, the 15-member board of CPB is presidentially appointed, with Senate concurrence. Carter would relinquish four appointments, yielding two seats each to both the nominees of PBS and those of NPR.

A final element is accountability. The President maintains that every station receiving federal funds should be required to open its board meetings and its financial reports to public scrutiny, a sunshine requirement to be disregarded only when there is a need for private discussions of personnel matters.

Taken as a whole, the Carter message points to the emergence of a public system with the resources and independence of the BBC. We may not have such a system for years, even decades, but at least a foundation will be laid if the President's proposals are accepted. For that reason I ask readers of *Saturday Review* to voice their support of the President's message by writing to the two congressional subcommittee chairmen who will be most influential in the legislative decisions—Congressman Lionel Van Deerlin, of California, and Senator Ernest Hollings, of South Carolina. ◉

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The Movies

Mr. Goodbar and The Goodbye Girl

Diane Keaton with bar mate—"A human being in a world of monsters."

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar has been the most discussed movie of the autumn. As everyone knows, it is based on the murder in New York of a young Irish Catholic schoolteacher by a drifter she had picked up in her despairing evening life of singles bars and fugitive sex. Judith Rossner converted this news item into a novel—hardly a work of the first class, but not an exploitation job either; rather an honest, dogged piece of documentation in the genre of, although not so good as, Charles Jackson's *The Lost Weekend*. The movie, which Richard Brooks wrote as well as directed, is a hyped-up version of the novel.

It is a pretentious, strident, and hysterical film. The first scene shows Theresa Dunn imagining herself making passionate love to her college professor. The next scene shows a typical evening with the Dunn family, everybody screaming at each other. Thereafter follow high-decibel arguments, orgies, fights, furniture smashing, a revolt in the classroom, the blare of a pounding musical score—all a good deal noisier than the Concorde. The cutting is nervous and obscurantist, making up in speed for what it lacks in sense. Except for the labored and insistent contrast between Miss Dunn, the devoted teacher by day, and Terry, the doomed wanderer by night, there is no modulation, no emotional pacing. *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* is one long shriek.

The characters, save for Terry Dunn, are stuck whistles. They are monsters in the sense that they are exaggerations of a single trait rather than identifiable human beings. Terry's father, for example, is rage. He is a nonhumorous Archie Bunker, ranting and storming on every appearance to the point that his one quiet scene toward the end seems maudlin and singularly unconvincing. Her mother is passivity. Her sister is promiscuity. Her nice Catholic boyfriend is weakness. Her tough Italian boyfriend is violence. Her professor is shallow intellectual arrogance. No one is permitted to deviate from the single note.

What is the shriek all about? Judith Rossner's novel is about a young woman who unconsciously sought to be punished and murdered. Richard Brooks's themes are considerably more grandiose and portentous. Unfortunately, one senses deep analytical confusion at the core. Much attention is given to Theresa's congenital spinal trouble. Yet her sister, who, so far as we know, has an excellent spine, seems equally desperate and lost. This invalidates the spinal explanation of Theresa's self-destructiveness. Was she done in by the repressions of lower-middle-class Irish Catholic life? This appears to be the Rossner thesis. But Brooks hauls in television shots of the women's liberation movement as if to prove Theresa the victim of the sexual revolution and the permissive society. *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* has almost the air of the temperance tracts, like *Ten Nights in a Bar Room*, that in other times portrayed the horrors of self-indulgence and concluded that the wages of sin are death.

Like such tracts, the film systematically exploits the sensations it purports to condemn. Presumably abhorring the permissive society, it takes cynical advantage of this permissiveness in its explicit depiction of sexual encounters; and it becomes unbearably manipulative in the climactic murder. If contemporary filmmakers would study Von Stroheim's *Greed*, they might discover that when it comes to the brutalization of human beings, suggestion may be more powerful than clinical representation.

What almost redeems this phantasmagoria, of course, is Diane Keaton. *Annie Hall* displayed her beautiful skills as a comedienne. *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* shows her to be a marvelous dramatic actress. It is hardly necessary to film her in the nude to make the points about Terry's ravenous sexuality. Miss Keaton can convey everything necessary by her divine expressiveness, her quivering vulnerability, her ecstatic moans. One might think she is too lovely, too joyous, for a woman bent on self-degradation; but she overcomes these handicaps, or rather incorporates them superbly into the characterization. Her tremulous hope for life, her tenderness with the

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deaf children she teaches, her hesitant leaps into candor with her men, her ultimate instinct for her own annihilation—all wonderfully create a human being in a world of monsters. Hers is an audacious conception and a brilliant success. How agreeable it is, after some years of male dominance, to see actresses coming into their own again! Vanessa Redgrave, Jane Fonda, and now Diane Keaton have given the most luminous performances of the season thus far.

The Goodbye Girl sounds as if it might be another disquisition on the role of women in contemporary society. It is, however, a cute Neil Simon comedy directed ham-handedly by Herbert Ross. The Goodbye Girl is a young woman who has had a run of bad luck in men. The plot is totally predictable. One bounder walks out on her and her precocious daughter. He has secretly sublet their apartment to a kooky friend from Chicago given to health food, meditation, and nocturnal chanting. The friend arrives to claim his turf. Angry arguments ensue, but we know that the little girl will bring them together and that everybody will fall in love with everybody else before the film is over. The problem is how to keep it all going for 110 minutes.

The movie is filled out with whimsy, squealing, screaming, bad slapstick, even with an embarrassing drunk scene for Richard Dreyfuss as the interloper. Simon has some agreeable fun with an Off-Broadway director putting on a homosexual interpretation of *Richard III* ("the queen who wanted to be a king"). But this happy improvisation aside, the comedy is forced and banal. Marsha Mason plays the Goodbye Girl with more charm and feeling than the part deserves. It is innocuous and mechanical entertainment. ◉

Wit Twister No. 108
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 77.

On a Hollywood set on a fresh,
— — — — — — morn,
A prolonged and provocative — —
— — — — — was born.
The director insisted a — — — —
— — be made,
But the — — — — — — — resisted until he was paid.

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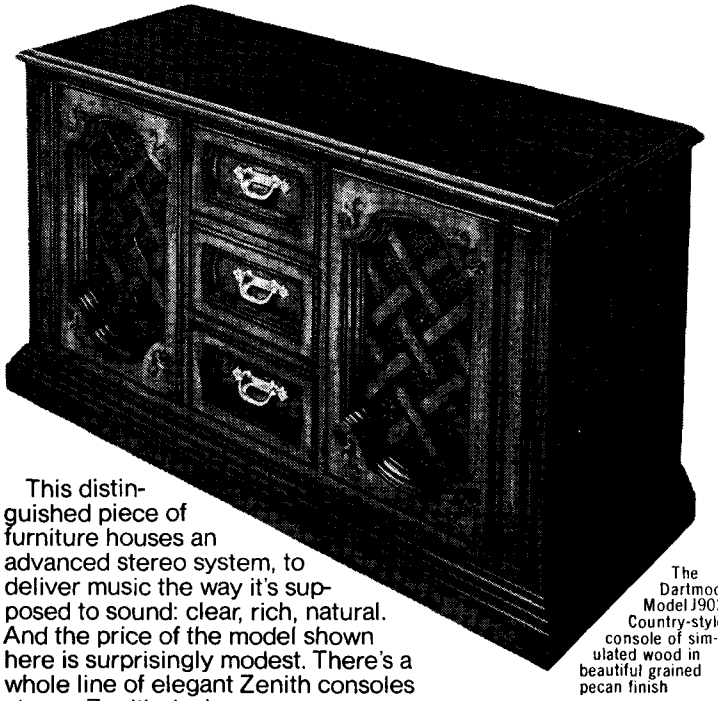

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Saturday Review

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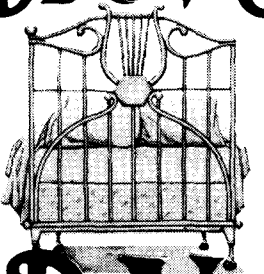

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Music to My Ears

Reverence and Rashness at the Met

by Irving Kolodin

THE HISTORIC AFFINITY of Modest Mussorgsky's *Boris Godunov* and Claude Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* is being uncommonly demonstrated, live, at the Metropolitan Opera House these days.

The human link was formed when Camille Saint-Saëns returned to Paris from Russia in 1876 with a score of *Boris*. The contents did not mean much to the composer of *Samson et Dalila*, but a mutual friend passed it on to Debussy, who was, eventually, much impressed by its workmanship, by its connection of scenes through musical interludes, by Mussorgsky's use of modal harmonies and word-by-word declamation, and details of scoring.

These traits are much more apparent in the original scoring by Mussorgsky, now being played at the Metropolitan, than they are in earlier versions that reflect the editorial input of Rimsky-Korsakov or Shostakovich. As for the declamation of the Russian text, the massive voice of Martti Talvela, the Finnish Hercules, renders it far more authentic than that of any other Boris of recent times. As much can also be said for the fine Dimitri being sung by the Polish tenor Wieslaw Ochman. Others in the cast of a rather low-key conducting effort by Kazimierz Kord are several rungs lower on the ladder of quality—particularly Florence Quivar (as Marina) and Vern Shinall (as Rangoni).

The internal relation of *Boris* to *Pelléas* was more than a little disturbed by the mixture of reverence and rashness that conductor James Levine brought to his first venture with this delicately balanced score. The reverence was expressed by his thoughtful gesture of entering the pit with the theater dark, thus beginning the performance in a hush. The rashness consisted of joining the first *10* scenes of acts one, two, and three without interruption.

Levine's intentions were honorable and his musical direction perceptive, but the inordinately long stretch of mostly quiet music seems hardly what Debussy intended. Moreover, things happened in too compressed a time span to suit the action.

Aside from Jerome Hines as a noble embodiment of the old king Arkel, all the members of the cast were new to their roles in this theater. The key role of Pelléas was entrusted to the very young, promising, but still unsure of himself Raymond Gibbs, and his Mélisande was the experienced, not very young, and less than wholly persuasive Teresa Stratas. She sang some beautiful phrases, but the basic characterization was, for me, rather wispy. Into this dramatic gap the greatly talented José van Dam moved confidently, a superb embodiment of the tortured Golaud, Pelléas's half brother. Claudine Carlson and John Cheek made successful debuts: she as a capable Geneviève, he as a warm-voiced singer of the Physician's music.

Fabrizio Melano's skillful hand as stage director of *Pelléas* was also responsible for one of the best organized, most thoughtful treatments of Puccini's *La Bohème* seen in New York in years. In addition, it was one of the best to listen to—with Placido Domingo putting a fervently sung Rodolfo beside his other roles at the Met; with Renata Scotto performing a truly affecting Mimi; and with van Dam making much of his opportunities in the role of Colline. The care and detail of James Conlon's conducting were complemented by the sharply characterized, powerfully sincere, well-sung Musetta of Mary Costa.

The present artistry and future potential of Barbara Hendricks cast a spell over the audience that attended the young soprano's second recital in Town Hall. She has the high, silvery sound, as well as the control of it, to match the needs of a sizable category of art songs.

Hendricks did honor to the repute of her teacher at the Juilliard, the late, superb song stylist Jennie Tourel, in her rendition of Schubert's two "Suleika" songs. They put parentheses around beautifully defined versions of "Nacht und Träume," "Rastlose Liebe," and "Du bist die Ruh." But she has work to do on the lower range of her voice, which lacks strength, and on the sound of the upper register, which, beyond a mezzo-forte, is edgy and sometimes shrill. In the other pieces, Lawrence Skrobacs played accompaniments of truly artistic quality.

THEA MUSGRAVE'S source for *The Voice of Ariadne*, which had its American premiere during the recent season of the New York City Opera, was Henry James's *The Last of the Valerii*, written in 1874, when the author was thirty-one. It deals with a count who finds a long-buried statue in the garden of his villa and takes it, literally, to his heart. Unfortunately, the statue exhumed for Musgrave's musical purpose by her librettist, Amalia Elguera, is not James's Juno. As Elguera has it, all that is unearthed is a pedestal bearing the name of Ariadne. This suffices for Musgrave's underlying concept of a prerecorded tape (created in collaboration with Richard Rodney Bennett) bearing electronic effects as well as a soprano voice to be used with a live orchestra and stage singers.

Elguera discards almost everything about the James story save the bloodletting episode that precedes the triumph of the determined wife. What she provides instead lacks dramatic interest and character development. Above all, it goes on too long.

The best of *The Voice of Ariadne* is contained in Musgrave's treatment of a series of key episodes. These include the segment of act one in which the strange, echolike voice of Ariadne (prerecorded in the wide-ranging soprano of Joan Davies) arouses the count's interest; the scene in act two in which the baffled countess realizes that she is, in effect, reliving Theseus's desertion of Ariadne on Naxos; and the climax of act three in which the countess assumes the identity of her invisible rival and "sings down" the mysterious voice. Altogether, these scenes demonstrate Musgrave's strong qualifications for doing what the story requires musically; it is the insubstantial matter around them that is *The Voice of Ariadne*'s undoing.

Outstanding among the performers was the young American soprano Cynthia Clarey. She displayed not only a full command of a high-lying, difficult vocal line but also a talent for characterization lacking in some of her colleagues—including David Holloway, as the count.

Richard T. Gill was, as always, a staunch support in a character role. Sandra Walker decorated the stage as a menacing marchesa and made good use of her solid mezzo sound. Carl Toms's sets and costumes were appropriate to the period (Rome, 1870); Colin Graham, who directed the work's original production at Aldeburgh, in 1974, kept the movement fluid; and Musgrave conducted her score with verve and total authority. ◉

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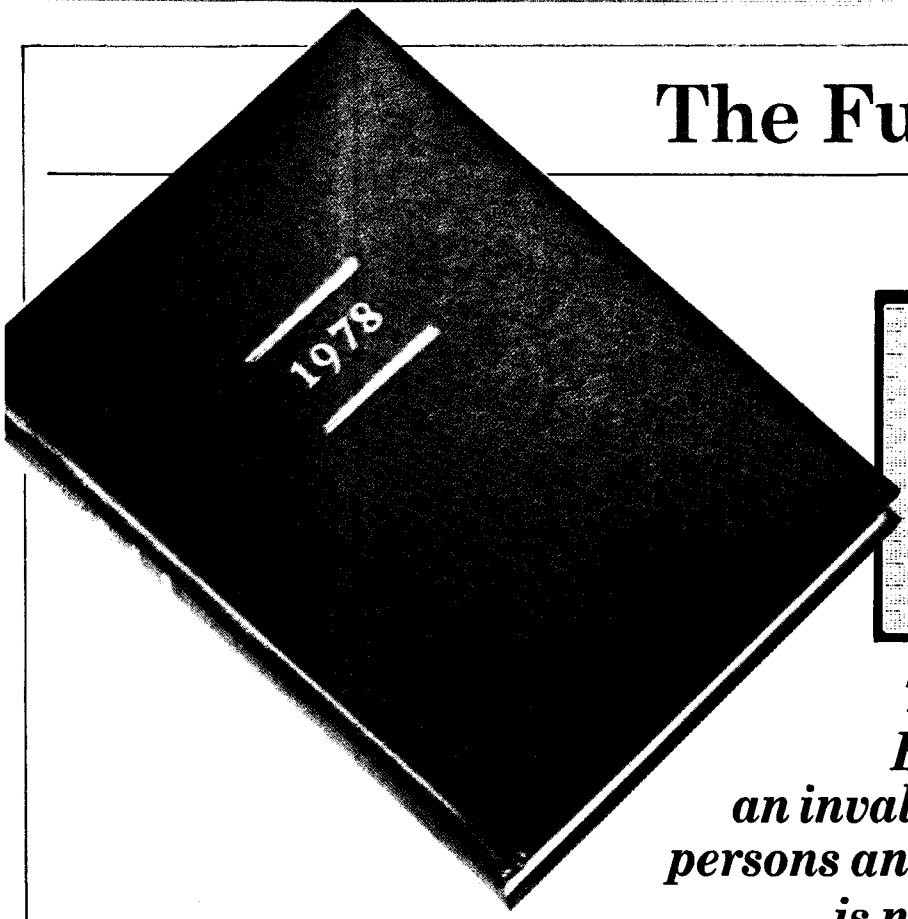

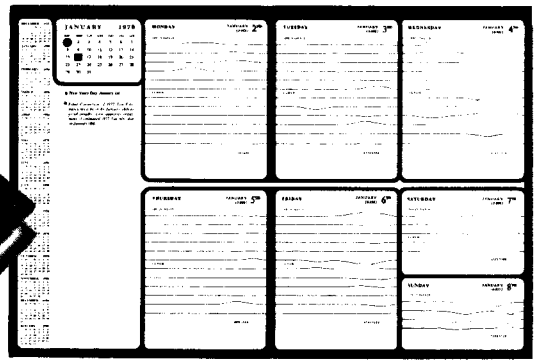

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Booked for Travel

Those Were the Days, My Friend

by Horace Sutton

IN MIAMI BEACH this fall, the city planning board moved to establish a stretch of 17 blocks as the Art Deco capital of the country. In Monaco early in October, Sotheby Parke Bernet, ever the elegant peddlers, placed an advertisement in American newspapers announcing the "sale of carriages from the great trains of the Twenties." And in New York, the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, having discovered that it is a treasure-house of Art Deco design, published a booklet, map included, indicating the gems of the period and inviting its patrons to take a walking tour of what is called "a visual art adventure."

There is something fetchingly wistful about America's outreach for the Twenties and Thirties, bringing back the old fashions, putting on showings of the old love movies, and weaving a romantic coverlet to drape over the architecture that survives. We seem to be a nation of parents who—the progeny having matured out of cuteness, perhaps even matured out of the house—have come upon photographs of the children's nursery school class and some crayoned masterpieces from the second grade. How innocent they were. How uncomplicated the times.

Art Deco was the synthesis of the moment, some arbiters say, when America was chic and glamorous in a way that was innocent. There is some sort of fusing, design curator Richard Oliver declares, of Art Deco and the vision of Fred Astaire dancing with Ginger Rogers. It is not unusual that the best of Art Deco is found in New York, in Miami Beach, and in Los Angeles. New York was Gotham, pulsing with excitement. Miami Beach was the glamorous resort, and Los Angeles had the films. What was built in those places in that time is the tangible memoir in the attic, now being dusted off and looked at again, often with deep longing for a time in the lives of many—the depression aside—that was less complicated, filled with rhinestone glitter and wonder.

In its press release written to announce the impending sale of the railway carriages, the public relations agency for Sotheby described the five luxury cars as "perhaps the last examples of a style of travel which epitomized the gaiety and eccentricity of Europe during the Twenties and Thirties." The decorations of the railway cars, done by René Prou and René Lalique, "bear all the nostalgia of a graceful life-style where beautiful women dressed by Poiret were draped around their Bugattis smoking Balto cigarettes while the men lounged about discussing the merits of Dufy and Josephine Baker."

How apt that Sotheby Parke Bernet had arranged to auction the railway carriages in Monte Carlo, the center of the Riviera in a time when Gerald and Sara Murphy opened Villa America. Their visitors were a dark and broad-shouldered Picasso, Monty Woolley, Cole and Linda Porter, Rudolph Valentino, the Fitzgeralds, and the Hemingways. Antibes, where the Murphys were installed, was, as Calvin Tompkins has written, still so sleepy a provincial town that the telephone service was closed two hours at lunch and shut down for the night at 7 P.M. All that would soon change

Plymouth poster—"Picked for restoration."

as more Americans would come—Archibald MacLeish, Alexander Woollcott, and playwright Philip Barry among them—until the Hôtel du Cap (an elegant place to this day) was waving guests away.

It was in this season, at this time, that the Exposition Internationale des Arts Décoratifs et Industriels Modernes opened in Paris. It was 1925. The exhibit, which is considered to have been the catalyst that fired the style called Art Deco, though held in Paris, had origins that lay on the far side of the Rhine. The German Werkbund formed in 1907 to bring artists, artisans, and industry together, had proved a certain success. An exhibition of German crafts had dominated the Paris Salon d'Automne held in 1910, spurring the French to catch up. An exhibition had been planned in Paris for 1915, but that had to be scrubbed because of the war, and it wasn't until 1925 that the French could open the exhibit that was to launch Art Deco.

In their book *Skyscraper Style: Art Deco New York*, Cervin Robinson and Rosemarie Haag Bletter have perceived a reluctance on the part of the French to give the proper display to architecture as a discipline apart from design.

What emerged after that was surface architecture, and it came in a blizzard, first in zigzag patterns and later in the smooth rounded forms called "streamlined moderne." Floral patterns, gushing fountains and geometric forms were the vogue; only the Danes and the Dutch departed from this graphic lockstep by using exposed brick laid in patterns.

The crossing of the Atlantic was not immediate. Robinson and Bletter pull a telling quote from *New Backgrounds for a New Age*, published in 1927, in which Edwin Avery Park describes the cultural life of a designer:

> He will dance and dine to jazz, read "Ulysses," have himself psychoanalyzed, listen to Debussy, appreciate Cézanne, and ride in an aeroplane. But he will be installing an Empire suite in some wealthy lady's apartment. We have nothing to say for ourselves.

France was a nation of designers, it was claimed; America, a stronghold of businessmen. The adaptation of Art Deco came first in films and then in New York skyscrapers. It would soon blossom in Los Angeles and then in Miami Beach, the fledgling resort. New York was about to erupt in a spate of majestic buildings, and Art Deco would be their distinguishing artistic mark. First, on the very eve of the depression, came the Chanin Building, a

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conception of Irwin Chanin, a Brooklyn-born builder, and his architect, Jacques Delamarre. On the corner of Forty-second Street and Lexington Avenue, just across from Grand Central Station, the Chanin Building was called an "astounding peak of terra-cotta, brick, and steel." Its slogan was "fixty-six stories of sunlight at New York's front door." Bronze grills, terra-cotta friezes in natural floral patterns, and a modernistic clockface are gems for today's passerby to comtemplate. More difficult to get at is the incredible private bathroom—even then, private executive plumbing was a signal of power—an extravaganza, a festival of Art Deco geometric patterns that must have dispatched the chance user into the nether reaches of catatonia.

Across the street, and shadowing Chanin somewhat, came the showy Chrysler Building, its gleaming Art Deco spire shooting out of a series of towers that seemingly would telescope if one could push on their tips. There was the tale, apocryphal perhaps, that the Chrysler Building was vying with the oncoming Empire State Building, then being built on the site of the old Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, at Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. The Chrysler Building emerged second highest and remained, with its elevator cabs done in assorted veneers, a showy pile that had tried hard but was, all the same, not number one. It opened in 1930.

BOTH THE Empire State Building (soon to be dubbed the Empty State Building, following the depression) and the new Waldorf-Astoria, on Park Avenue between Forty-ninth and Fiftieth streets, had Art Deco finishes. The Waldorf now makes much of its period design, which, like Rockefeller Center just across the avenues, was executed in a muted style. Still, the Waldorf is a treasure-house open to anyone. The elaborate pamphlet distributed in the lobby reproduces geometrical floral patterns and stylized symbols of music, dance, and the theater that are intended to reflect the hotel's role in the social life of the city.

In their tours of Rockefeller Center, the guides explain the origins of the Art Deco that runs all through the Radio City Music Hall, a prime period piece, which opened in December 1932. The RCA Building, which opened the following May, and the International Building (630 Fifth Avenue), dating from the spring of 1935, are replete with design touches that are shown on the tour of the center.

The Music Hall, which has fallen on hard times, opens for a Christmas show, and last fall it served as the home of a New York pop festival. Television and the lack of family movies that would fill the 6,000 seats of the theater have brought this magnificent auditorium to the brink of closing. Bizarre offers come from people like Jacques Cousteau, who suggested turning the place into an aquarium.

It is a strange cacaphony of the times that rock groups play pop concerts in a hall where even the fire hoses are placed behind decorative grills, where the pieces of period furniture are relics, and where the ladies' room remains, as it was when it was first opened, a foyer glittering with 16 mirrored sides, each set with a silver vanity table and a kid-covered stool.

Although the theater is open on a sketchy schedule, visitor tours arranged by Rockefeller Center include a look inside the Music Hall and backstage as well. Anyone at almost anytime, however, can view the streamlined moderne canopies of 30 Rockefeller Plaza and the RCA Building (clashing with that supermodern "N" logo for which NBC paid an estimated $750,000); the linear cigarette urns; the striated molding affixed along the edge of the José Maria Sert murals; the radiators covered with Art Deco grills; and the stairway to the mezzanine that seems to have been lifted whole from the ill-fated *Normandie*, which made its maiden Atlantic crossing in 1935 and burned at a pier in New York just at war's beginning, a magnificence of Art Deco moldering in the North River.

Some design purists like to divide Art Deco into two periods: zigzag design, which was a part of the Twenties, and streamlined moderne, which was more a product of the Thirties. Miami Beach properly belongs to the later period because the hurricane of 1926 wiped out the beach, the depression gave it a heavy bump, and nothing was really started again until 1930. What came then was block after block of low-scale, white, flat buildings, with the emphasis placed on long, horizontal lines and on facades.

Left over from that period is a string of six-, seven-, and eight-story hotels that runs from First Street to Twenty-first Street. The buildings on the stretch of land from First Street to Fifth Street are being razed and readied for high rises. But the best of Art Deco, several hundred buildings in all, are strung from Sixth Street to Twenty-first Street. Most of them are occupied by elderly retired people who would have little recourse but to apply to relatives or nursing homes for care if their shelters were torn down.

Now the city planning board has directed Robert David to establish a neighborhood of the Thirties by using money from a number of available federal grants. Washington Street, the main street, now shabby and decrepit, could be turned into a street of shops, cafés, and crafts stores. It is the hope of such citizens as Barbara Capitman that young people will be brought in to create again the crafts of the Thirties. The elderly will be used as teachers and guides.

It is an ambitious and even an imaginative objective for a resort that is in trouble. Great hotels have fallen into bankruptcy and tourists are few. It is hard to say why, but some of the reasons accrue from overzealous building, when concrete was poured over the top of the greenery, the palms were blighted, and the beaches cut away. There was nothing left of the tropical environment that had brought people in the first place.

There are those who, since the birth of the beach, have held out hopes for gambling. It was a thriving enterprise at one time, and the anticipated revival of Atlantic City has given hope to some quarters. But Williamsburg exists without gambling, and a sort of live-in Williamsburg—Art Deco rather than Colonial—is what the revival group has in mind. They have already picked one hotel, the Plymouth, for restoration. Its oval lobby is being retained, but a down-at-the-heels cardroom is being turned into a nightclub. Art Deco, of course. It is the hope of the revivalists that born-again Art Deco can live in company with—indeed, even prove a relief from—all those high rises with their outside elevators that are bound to come when South Beach rises again.

Is there any real value in so recent a design relic as Art Deco? Apparently. The five Wagons-Lits trains brought a total of $302,000 under Sotheby's gavel. A wood-paneled dining car was bought by Albert Glatt, a director of a Swiss travel agency whose company operates the remains of the Orient Express, running posh train service between Zurich and Istanbul. Two cars were bought by James Sherwood, a Kentuckian living in London. The keys to his cars cost him $104,000. He hopes to start a service running from London to Dieppe, then on to Paris and Venice.

No word from André Paccard, a Frenchman who paid $137,700 for two cars, one of which had been requisitioned by the German army. He would only say that they would remain in France. Anything that stays in France long enough becomes a restaurant, museum, or prime minister. ◉

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Education Now

Are there any simple tests or standards that parents can use to find out whether their schools are really any good?

Mrs. Patricia Bowers
Chapel Hill, N.C.

AT ONE TIME or another, almost every parent wonders about the quality of their local schools. To many, it comes as a surprise to learn that schools get no report cards, that they are not rated by state or national experts. Perhaps some state commissioners of education have their own private rating systems, but one would have to be a political moron to make such information public. When it comes to ratings, each parent is strictly on his or her own.

Years ago I had a job rating schools for the big foundations, and since then I have tried to judge the ones my four children have attended. Here are some of my criteria.

Although it may sound obvious, I look first of all for a peaceful atmosphere. Racial strife is not the only kind of warfare that can ruin classroom studies. There are schools that still fight full battles for or against joining centralized administrative systems. Some fight for or against sex education or for or against books some consider dangerous to the minds of children. Because education is best conducted in a quiet atmosphere, I would not put a child of mine in one of these warring institutions if I could possibly avoid it.

The next thing I look at in a school is the children, for they educate each other more than the faculty does. The children of the very poor are deserving, of course, but rarely have the inherited vocabulary necessary for vigorous intellectual work. On the other hand, the children of the rich, some of whom seem mainly interested in sports, cars, and social events, can be liabilities when it comes to trying to build an atmosphere of intellectual excitement. A good, solid, middle-class student body seems best to me. If several children of lawyers, physicians, and teachers are present, so much the better.

I next look at the supervisory staff, for to a large extent that determines the quality of the faculty. For decades I have been an admirer of American public schools, but their greatest weaknesses in my opinion are the school superintendents, the principal and the department heads, who common give teachers such detailed instructio that all spontaneity disappears from th classroom. There is a historical reason fo this. In past decades classroom teache had little education and probably needed lot of supervision. Today, when classroo teachers often know more about their sul jects than their supervisors do, this ove supervision can create major damage to th teaching and, concomitantly, the learnir process.

Oversupervision in the classroom oft is most obvious in English classes. A goo many people, like me, believe that the wa to teach people to read and write is to gi them books to read and themes to writ Oddly enough, this is not always comm practice in public schools. Superviso often insist on long lessons in gramma which in my opinion teach the chil nothing except a hatred of English. Or excuse for this may be the fact that tests grammar can be corrected by machines. the net effect of such computerized tests to teach children nothing but hatred grammar, we should perhaps have a mas dumping of the machines into the neare deep body of water.

The teaching of science is in many way similar to the teaching of English. If th teacher is oversupervised, the class can de generate into one long yawn. If, on th other hand, a science teacher is given free dom, he or she may give some pupils a lif long interest in the subject. Both my so and my youngest daughter were luck enough to run into one of these free, in spired teachers when each of them wa eleven years old. My son is a zoologis now, and my daughter is working hard t become one.

Having looked at the supervisory staff, next inspect the faculty. Do they seer free, or do they seem locked into the law of their supervisors? Do the children seer to like most of the teachers, or to detes them? Do the teachers enjoy some stabilit of employment, or are they kept on edg about being fired? Do they make enoug money to lead a decent life in the commu nity where the school is?

The general atmosphere of a school i harder to judge. I have nothing against ath letics until they become an overriding inte est that many people consider mor

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important than studies. The sexual conduct of the students may not be a responsibility of the administration, but in cases where a large proportion of students in each class becomes pregnant, I think I would try to find another school for my child. Where there is a great amount of teen-age pregnancy, there is often no course in sex education, and many of the people don't want one. Some battles are almost impossible to fight. It's better simply to go.

The next thing I would look at is the colleges attended by the graduates of the school. Figures stating that 85 percent of the graduates went to college should be carefully studied, for nonacademic colleges, such as those specializing in cosmetology, are often included to pad out the statistics. The question is *What* colleges did the graduates of the high school attend?

The next thing I would study would be the school board. Public school boards rarely possess a great deal of knowledge of education, but they are important because of their willingness, or lack of willingness, to spend money on the schools. How does their budget compare to those of surrounding towns?

Finally, when judging a school system, I would inspect the buildings. A lot of people think that buildings are not important. If this is true, homes are not important, and neither are churches. A school building has a certain symbolic value as well as a practical one. A good building tells the children that the town thinks they are important. An art room should be a place of beauty, and a science room should have all the equipment needed for teaching the sciences. The soul of a town can to a large degree be judged by the kind of buildings it provides for its children. For many children, the school is the only beautiful place they ever see. The concept of excellent education taking place in a shabby building is difficult to believe. If a town cares about its children, it will build a good school for them.

The supervisors, the pupils, the teachers, the school board, and the building—all of these are quite easy to judge. Together, they make up a certain spirit that can turn a good school into a bad one or a bad one into a good one. In the final analysis, I always ask my children what they think of their school. It is a tribute, I think, to the schools my children have attended that they usually give the school system a B plus. —SLOAN WILSON ◉

Sloan Wilson's most recent book is What Shall We Wear to This Party? The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit Twenty Years & After.

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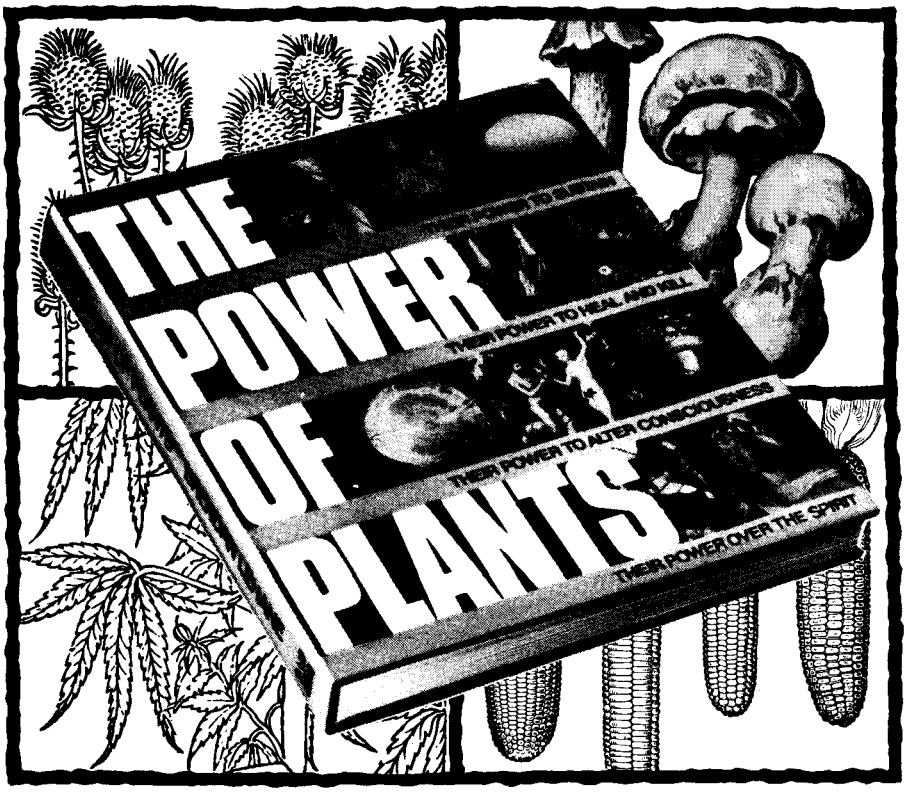

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Sporting Life

Hockey on Thin Ice

Richard Brown

by Jonathan Evan Maslow

I HAD HEARD so much about this year's Montreal Canadiens that I finally broke under the strain and parted with a teamster's paycheck to see the National Hockey League champions play the New York Rangers. It proved well worth the price. No sooner had the Madison Square Garden organ finished Canada's rousing anthem, *O Canada*, than the Canadiens showed why the Stanley Cup is likely to reside permanently in Montreal.

Opening with their second-string line, the Canadiens poured across center ice, and after 57 seconds center Pete Mahovlich flipped a low backhand shot into the New York net. Two minutes later Montreal stole an inept Ranger pass, and Mahovlich advanced uncontested, deftly slipping the puck between the New York goalie's legs. The outcome was never in doubt after that; Montreal piled in four more goals and won 6–2, skating rings around the poor New York defensemen, who drew the expected response from the crowd. (A woman behind me, after screaming, "Hit 'em, hit 'em, you turkeys!" for the first 20 minutes, finally bellowed in exasperation, "Hey, Vadnais, maybe they'll trade you between periods!")

Superb as the Canadiens are, however, they may never get the chance to become a great hockey dynasty like the one that ruled from Montreal in the 1950s. Professional ice hockey is on the brink of ruin, and unless some rather radical steps are taken soon, there are going to be a couple of hundred ex-hockey players looking for jobs in deodorant commercials. "The fastest game on earth," as it's billed, has been the slowest to amass a large body of faithful-to-the-death loyalists. Hockey is now listed a dim fourth among our major spectator sports, and it's going to become a lot dimmer if any more hockey teams go bankrupt. In the past 10 years the NHL expanded from 6 teams to 18, but no more than a dozen are financially sound. Last year the league lost $18 million as game attendance dropped off sharply. The Cleveland Barons, the prize basket case of the league, survived only after the NHL Players' Association bailed out the franchise with a $600,000 loan. Merger talks between the NHL and the rival World Hockey Association (WHA) broke down amid fear of antitrust lawsuits, leaving hockey the only major sport still operating under free market competition.

In part, hockey's headache comes from nothing more dizzying than the high finance of professional athletics. For the lovable post-adolescent Canadians with the sprayed hair and the toothless grins who comprise the prime ribs of most NHL teams, the last few years have been a gold rush, with salaries swirling upward to average $95,000 a year (the Bobby Orrs and Bobby Clarkes and Bobby Hulls get much more). But hockey has no major network television contract to cover the high wages: it hasn't had one since 1975, when the NHL *Game of the Week* achieved such pathetic ratings that hockey was banished to local coverage forever. Sports programmers at the three networks would just rather not talk about hockey, if it's all the same to you, as though it were some dread disease communicable simply by answering the question: Could hockey's malady spread to Monday night football?

Hockey's television debacle brought mutual recriminations. The networks said the hockey pashas refused to help with TV scheduling, "packaging," and marketing. NHL team owners said they didn't want the network slicks telling them how to run their sport. The conflict has been epitomized by a Stanley Cup play-off formula so complex that no one can understand it, let alone sustain an emotional interest in it. When I recently suggested to an NHL publicity person that the idea seemed to be to avoid playing Montreal until the final round, she replied, "Of course. That's what teams use their computers for."

By the time the early eliminations are over in May, vernal temperatures steam up the ice, creating unique problems for television: Great tundra mists envelope ghostly phantoms as they dart by between commercials. Hockey's filler material between periods must set an all-time record for boredom in televised sports. It contains chiefly interviews with retired players wheeled in from the league's front offices. "Tell us, Boom-Boom, how does it feel to be executive vice-president here in Atlanta?" Boom-Boom flashes his bridgework. "Za great hockey town here, eh?"

Even under ideal conditions, hockey is probably too fast for television. A camera's efforts to follow a four-inch puck traveling at 100 mph tend to produce startlingly original pan shots of the type seen at avant-garde film festivals. In any case, the lucrative television market has vanished. Ergo,

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the NHL has too much money going out in salaries and too little coming in, a situation that often results in financial losses.

More basically, hockey simply doesn't appeal to enough of us. In the North (at least below the Canadian border) basketball is the big-time winter sport—a matter of demographics actually, because, after all, how many black or Puerto Rican hockey players have you run into lately? In the South, outside Atlanta, pucks, rinks, and goalies are thought to be kinds of exotic fast-food items.

After the Philadelphia Flyers won the Stanley Cup in 1974 with a team known,for their brutal play, as the Broad Street Bullies, conventional wisdom said that the way to lure fans was to give them the violence they thirsted for. Managers scoured the minor leagues for punks, an act of managerial *macho* memorialized by Paul Newman's role in the film *Slapshot*. Some of these exemplary new hockey stars can barely skate the length of a rink without their ankles buckling, but hiring is done according to penalties incurred, not by goals scored. For instance, there's Boston Bruin defenseman John Wensink, whose public image has been built up with the winning promo-turned phrase, "John Wensink eats frogs." In reality, Wensink doesn't turn out to be as mean as *that*, but during last year's Stanley Cup finals between Boston and Montreal he did threaten to lop off Guy LaFleur's ear with his stick. This sleazy intimidation was reminiscent of the posturing of professional wrestlers. Wensink should have been disqualified from play, but as it happened, LaFleur coolly stole the puck from him twice in a few minutes of play and scored with fleering ease through the blatantly outclassed Boston palooka. The Canadiens went on to sweep the finals in four straight games.

Given the difficulty of providing hockey with some sort of appeal when the Canadiens monopolize the talent, the Cup, and the brains God apportioned to the NHL, it still seems asinine to make the sport more violent. Like the saber-toothed tigers going down to the tar pits for a drink of water, hockey's going to get stuck in its violence and become extinct. The fewer fans that hockey attracts, the more brawling the owners will serve up; and the more that violence begets violence, the fewer fans will remain—a downward spiral from sport to vulgar spectacle.

This criticism shouldn't be interpreted as a plea to tame hockey into an ice capade with a scoreboard. Hockey has to be, as it has always been, a swift game of ritualized violence, its roots deep in the ancient Irish game of hurling, in which nine opposed nine with staves on an open field, no rules or referees, battling with lethal bravery until one side breathed its last. Historical records show that Edward II banned "the horrlinge of littel balles with staves" in 1365 because "the realm is likely, in a short time, to be destitute of archers." If, over a period of 500 years, some men learned to lower their spears, taking aim at a hard rubber puck instead of at each other, I suppose that's more progress than we have the right to expect.

In ice hockey, violence has traditionally been limited to checking, which is the sport's legitimate contact. In a good and true body check, a defending skater flies full throttle into his opponent's side, ramming with his thigh like a Pontiac plowing into a hay wagon. Violence, in other words, is a part of the game, not an outgrowth of it. But now the stick is replacing the body—lumber replacing muscle, as they say in the trade. Tempers flare over high-sticking—smashing your man in the solar plexus with the butt end of your stick, for example, or simply clobbering him over the head. As a result, gloves fly off and the bench-clearing brawls that have plagued hockey in recent years promptly ensue.

The line between old-fashioned checking and reckless disembowelment is a lot less fine than NHL coaches and general managers would have us believe, and the league winks at gross infractions. When the NHL Players' Association asked last year that stick violence be outlawed, the NHL Board of Governors voted the players down—get back in there, you meatheads, we know what's best. So high-sticking continues and body-checking becomes a lost art, and the fans jeer on. I suppose the NHL philosophy might best be stated this way: "We've done disastrously in the past; we're doing lousy now; and by God, we're going to do worse in the future."

In the meantime, the NHL's arch rival, the WHA, has taken a more encouraging step by inviting teams from the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, Sweden, and Finland for matches against WHA clubs. A few weeks ago, Soviet coach Anatoly Tarasov published a withering critique in the Toronto *Star*, charging that isolation and a lack of fresh ideas had led to Team Canada's embarrassing 11–1 and 8–2 losses to the Russians last year (true to form, the Canadians had resorted to brawling when they saw the Bolsheviks pull ahead). It will be interesting to see whether the foreign teams can breathe new wind into hockey. And it will be fun to hear all those unfamiliar national anthems. ◉

THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION

"The essential point to be remarked about Paramahansa Yogananda's teaching, in contradistinction to that of European philosophers, such as Bergson, Hegel, and others, is that it is not speculative, but practical, even when dealing with the utmost reaches of metaphysics.... Truth is not an eternal discussion; it is Truth. It follows that only by actual personal realization, by practice or method such as Paramahansa Yogananda offers can Truth ever be known beyond doubt."
— Douglas Grant Duff Ainslie, English writer and philosopher, in his preface to **The Science of Religion**

The materialistic conception of life has vanished with the discovery of atomic energy. Modern science has proved that every existing substance can be reduced to some form of energy, and that unity pervades the universe.

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Oh, Cuisine!

The Magnificent Brothers Troisgros

by Rudolph Chelminski

Roanne, France

THE "GOURMETS' DESPAIR" is a ponderously ugly water tower, all concrete and iron, that squats on the outskirts of this industrial town. The tower's odd nickname is simply a cruel reminder that when you drive past it on the way back to Paris, you are leaving the Brothers Troisgros behind. It is common to see fists being shaken in the tower's direction; passionate gastronomes, the fragrances of *daube de lièvre* and *marc de Bourgogne* still lingering on their palates, have been known to stop their cars to spit, stamping the soil for emphasis.

The fact is that no one wants to leave le Restaurant Troisgros and the modest inn that houses it. I remember that at the time of my first visit, Jean, the bearded older brother, roared: "We Troisgros brothers eat what we like, and what we like we feed to our guests!" That pronouncement, uttered amid the din and clatter of an overheated kitchen smack in the middle of a luncheon service, is still as good a summing-up as I can think of for this extraordinary restaurant.

The little city of Roanne is located about halfway between Paris and Marseilles, and it is about as close to nowhere as you can get in France. They make textiles here, and tanks for the French army, and a few other odds and ends; there is no reason for anyone in his right mind to stray off the *autoroute* at Roanne but for a visit to the Troisgros boys. They have given their town the only touch of international class it's got. They have also given it what they like to eat, for example: *escalope* of salmon with sorrel sauce; pigeon with whole garlic cloves; *cassolette* of crayfish tails; scrambled eggs with sea urchins; mussel soup; partridge with green lentils; and the now famous *mosaïque de légumes*, a deceptively simple-appearing terrine of vegetables that has already spawned as many imitations as the Parker pen and the Ronson lighter.

Jean, now fifty, is terrifying and Mephistophelian of mien as he stands behind his smoking *piano* wielding a copper frying pan but shy and thoughtful when he drops the act. His little brother is Pierre, forty-nine. Little in a manner of speaking: Pierre has the massive build of a bull and the arms of a stevedore, a moustache, and the round, jovial face of the cartoon bon vivant. But his appearance is belied by a subtle, almost poetic intelligence that makes him probably the most articulate master chef in France—or elsewhere, for that matter. Together, the brothers form a team that is unique in top level restauration. They run an establishment that is universally recognized as one of the five or six greatest in the world (rankings really don't work at that level, any more than they do when comparing Bach to Shakespeare or Willie Mays to Rudolf Nureyev); but in a trade that has traditionally thrived on despotic authority, the Troisgros ride herd over their talented brigade with easygoing humor, punctuated only now and then by Jean's paper tiger outbursts.

Neither brother is boss: Troisgros is one of those rare enterprises where *égalité* really works. *Fraternité* is evident in the brothers' love of life, of their métier, and for each other. As for *liberté*, there's always Teddy. Teddy is Jean's mongrel dog, who happily romps underfoot in the kitchen and upon occasion darts into the dining room on the heels of a waiter, to lay his head on a startled customer's lap and beg for a handout of *foie gras* or *poulet de Bresse*.

"We've never had a quarrel," boasts Jean. "Not once. And you can't tell us apart, either. For years, friends who know us well have tried to guess which one of us has made a dish, but it can't be done."

Either brother can handle any imaginable kitchen job, but for the sake of organization they have broken down the chores. Jean does the administration, makes the sauces, buys the wine, and handles the single ladies (he's a widower); Pierre buys the food, keeps track of what's in stock, cuts the meat, and makes the cold dishes. When they dine together in the kitchen before the evening service, Jean plonks his plate down on the steel salt bin next to the stove; Pierre's is on the big chopping block next to the meat cooler.

When their cooking is finished, Jean and Pierre habitually stroll into the unpretentious wood-paneled dining room to join Olympe, Pierre's wife and the house hostess, in a chat with their clients. If the customer is lucky, the brothers will take a glass of wine with him, solemnly drawing up chairs in order to sit down and enjoy it properly. This ritual has never varied since the days when Papa Troisgros, Jean-Baptiste, was in charge of the *salle* and the wines. Jean-Baptiste refused to drink standing up—it was an insult to the wine and unworthy of a connoisseur, he insisted. It was Papa Troisgros who founded the restaurant back in the Thirties, installed his wife in the kitchen, raised his boys to love and respect food, sent them away to apprentice in France's most prestigious kitchens, and on their return to Roanne drove them to refine their preparations until they had attained perfection and had set the cornerstone of what would later be labeled (falsely) "La Nouvelle Cuisine Française."

Jean-Baptiste is gone now—he died in glory, at a well-set table with a glass of fine wine before him—but the sublime simplicity that he always demanded of his children has resulted in a seasonal menu that is a model of intelligence, varying from month to month and from day to day, depending on what is available in the local markets. Rejoice! The end of pigeon and baby lamb means only that oysters and venison will soon be upon us.

The Troisgros boys have prospered enough by now to be invited around the world like matinee idols; to have built an impressive new hotel addition to Jean-Baptiste's modest old inn; and to have begun work on the dream kitchen that will finally afford them the space to move without stepping on adjoining toes, on Teddy, or on a stray Brittany lobster. The relay into the future is assured by Jean's son, Georges, who is cooking at Régine's in New York; by his daughter, Catherine, who is in business school; and by Pierre's sons, Claude, who is at Tantris, in Munich, and Michel, who is studying at a hotel school.

As for the present, it could scarcely be better. "If it weren't for bad dishwashers and fridges that break down," said Pierre, "this would be the perfect trade. We cooks are manual workers and *primaires*, but look at the contacts we have. The cream of the world comes to us here in Roanne."

He paused long enough to gaze reflectively into the stunning ruby eyes of a Pommard 1967, then added: "In any case, you've got to work in life. There's no way anyone's found around that. Since that's the way things are, you might as well do it with joy." ◉

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Light Refractions

The Rape of a Word

by Thomas H. Middleton

I THINK that the advance publicity for the *All in the Family* that was broadcast on October 16 said that Edith got raped in the episode. Maybe it said she was the victim of attempted rape, but the way I remember it, it said she was raped.

What happened in the show was that approximately in the nick of time Edith screamed, "My cake is burning!" and she and her would-be rapist ran to the kitchen, where she removed the hot, smoking cake from the oven, slammed it into her assailant's face, and made her getaway, to exultant cheers from the studio audience and from us who were watching at home. She ran next door, where Archie, Gloria, and Mike were preparing a birthday party for her. Naturally, she was hysterical, and it took a while for her to explain what she'd been through. Later, when she had become calm enough for more or less rational discourse, Gloria said, "Ma, what happened to you was not an act of sex; it was an act of violence." She was right in that Edith hadn't been raped; she had been violently attacked, and she had retaliated with an admirably violent counterattack.

All this would hardly be worth mentioning were it not for the fact that I had heard Norman Lear declare in an interview a couple of days earlier: "Rape is not an act of sex; it is an act of violence." I'd heard that so often by then that I thought of it as a cliché; nevertheless, every time I'd heard it, I'd thought, "Nonsense." On occasion I'd put it more strongly, with considerably less gentility. But I was surprised to hear someone of Norman Lear's obvious intelligence make such a blatantly meaningless statement.

The fact is that, discounting *rape* in the sense of "The Rape of the Lock" and "the rape of the environment," rape is, by definition, an act of sex.

I've tried to figure out how the cliché "Rape is not an act of sex; it is an act of violence" came into being. One of the processes I've hypothesized goes like this: As a reaction to the age-old "sex is sinful; sex is dirty; sex is bad" tradition, many of us have said, "Sex is natural and beautiful and good." At the same time, we've done an about-face on some of the traditional values of manhood that involve a certain amount of violence, and violence, we have decided, is bad. So, if sex is good, and violence is bad, and rape is bad, then it must follow that rape is not an act of sex, but an act of violence. That's fuzzy thinking, but fuzzy thinking is not in short supply today.

There's another possible meaning to "Rape is not an act of sex," I think, and that is that the rapist's impulse doesn't arise from his sex drive, but from his desire to do violence or to humiliate. That must certainly be true in some instances, but it is equally certainly untrue in others, and in any case, it doesn't render the act asexual.

The fallacy lies, at least in part, in the conception (held by too many of us liberals, in particular) of violence as, ipso facto, bad and of sex as, ipso facto, good.

Edith's shoving the burning cake in the face of her assailant was unquestionably a violent act, and in my opinion as well as that of the studio audience, apparently, it wasn't just not bad, it was beautiful.

As for sex, anyone who gives the subject more than a few seconds' thought must realize that sex itself is neither good nor bad and that it can involve sadism, masochism, prostitution, tenderness, love, overpopulation, birth control, and countless other headings, ranging from the beautiful through the bland to the hideous.

Perhaps I'm quibbling. A friend with whom I discussed this topic says she thinks I am. Obviously, I don't think so. I don't object to tying sex to an infinite variety of life's facets: the thirst for power, the acquisition of goods, artistic creation, the good, the bad, and the indifferent. But "Rape is not an act of sex" is not simply vague or inaccurate. It renders either *rape* or *sex* meaningless.

To put the kindest possible light on the phrase, it deprives sex of one of its quintessential meanings—sexual intercourse or carnal knowledge or however you prefer to put it, be it sublime or depraved—and it does violence to the word itself.

I don't want to keep quiet about that, and I hope Lear and the others who are given to repeating the cliché will give some second thoughts to the statement. ◉

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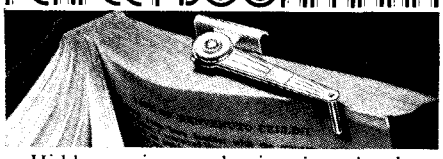

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Answer to *Wit Twister* (see page 63):
pearly, parley, replay, player

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Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 136

Marshall Trimble:
Arizona

Clifton was once victimized by
an audacious bank robber who, after
holding up the bank, circled around
town where he casually asked
for a fresh horse so that he could join
the posse that was forming to
pursue the bandit.

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

		1 G	2 D	3 T	4 P	5 B		6 Q	7 A	8 I		9 E	10 M	11 U		12 G	13 N
14 O	15 J		16 T		17 Q	18 A	19 T	20 S	21 J		22 N	23 H	24 W	25 E	26 K		27 S
28 B	29 I	30 X	31 R	32 O		33 C	34 T		35 E	36 L	37 Y	38 D	39 P		40 S		41 N
42 X	43 A	44 O	45 C	46 B		47 K	48 E	49 Y	50 D		51 V		52 B	53 E	54 Y		55 C
56 V	57 L		58 K	59 U	60 D	61 H		62 P	63 B	64 G	65 E	66 V		67 F	68 W	69 D	
70 I	71 T	72 N	73 S	74 E		75 U	76 Y		77 J	78 B		79 F	80 R	81 M	82 A	83 G	84 H
	85 S	86 B		87 T	88 N		89 J	90 L	91 E	92 R	93 B	94 P		95 M	96 T		97 W
	98 H	99 D	100 S		101 X		102 R	103 H	104 U	105 F	106 L	107 Q		108 J	109 P	110 B	111 X
112 D		113 X	114 M		115 J	116 I	117 W	118 R		119 O	120 F	121 J	122 Y	123 K		124 C	125 H
126 T		127 W	128 B	129 P	130 G	131 F	132 J		133 C	134 V	135 D	136 B		137 G	138 Q	139 F	140 X
141 H		142 S	143 V	144 B		145 W	146 C	147 N	148 A		149 E	150 P	151 T		152 S	153 O	154 J
155 T	156 C	157 R		158 W	159 I	160 F		161 L	162 Q	163 V		164 T	165 B		166 A	167 C	168 W
	169 I	170 H	171 G		172 O	173 C	174 Q		175 G	176 N	177 M	178 S	179 F	180 V		181 J	182 X
183 B	184 R	185 Q		186 D	187 I	188 U	189 Y	190 L	191 P	192 N	193 S	194 H	195 C	196 M			

Number 137

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES

WORDS

A. Syria is part of it
7 18 43 82 148 166

B. "Set ye Uriah ___ of the hottest battle" (3 wds., II Sam. 11:15)
183 28 46 63 78 86 110 128 144
165 5 52 93 136

C. Sherwood Forest character (2 wds.)
156 33 55 124 173 195 133 146 167 45

D. Boscage, frondage
60 69 99 2 38 50 112 135 186

E. Flooded
35 53 25 65 91 149 9 48 74

F. Point of orbit farthest from the sun
79 105 120 131 179 67 139 160

G. Horoscope of a person's birth
175 1 12 64 130 83 137 171

H. Whirlpool near Messina
98 125 170 194 61 23 84 103 141

I. Very
29 169 70 159 187 8 116

J. Unyielding (comp.)
132 154 108 15 89 121 181 77 115 21

K. Drives (a nail) obliquely
26 58 123 47

L. Remove (oneself) to a distance
57 106 161 90 190 36

M. One of the two capitals of Saudi Arabia
81 95 114 177 196 10

N. Small bog orchid having a pink or white flower
13 147 176 192 41 72 88 22

O. Evade an obligation; renege
119 153 172 32 44 14

P. Man of royal blood (early English history)
39 62 191 4 109 129 150 94

Q. Seaport, east County Cork
107 138 162 185 17 6 174

R. Adroit and artful management
80 92 184 31 102 118 157

S. Whiz, shark, caution, bear
178 40 152 27 73 85 20 142 193 100

T. Prejudiced, biased; stubborn
71 155 16 34 87 164 96 19 3 126 151

U. Signified
104 11 188 59 75

V. Disdainful
56 51 134 66 143 163 180

W. Aloft; completely submerged; not specific or particular (of business costs)
24 68 117 158 145 168 97 127

X. Inaccuracy; fault
113 101 111 140 42 30 182

Y. City in eastern Algeria **(2 wds.)**
49 122 76 189 54 37

Answer to ***Double-Crostic No.*** **136** appears on page 78.

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Our Love-Hate Affair with Technology

"From the popularity of Star Wars and the increasing respectability of the whole genre of science fiction, it is clear that our age, more than its predecessors, needs whatever reassurance science fiction affords."

THE ENTERTAINMENT we enjoy is a measure of who we are. Two recently ballyhooed movies—last summer's *Star Wars* and November's *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*—suggest that Americans are both fascinated with and horrified by the technological world we have shaped.

Neither movie pretends to great seriousness. *Star Wars* is a light confection about another galaxy and era and a young man named Luke Skywalker who, thanks to an improbable series of coincidences, is drawn into a death battle against the galaxy's wicked emperor. En route to victory, he encounters a fair princess and wins her heart, if not her hand. (This is the age of liberation.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind concerns Roy Neary, an ordinary American who has an encounter with a UFO and becomes obsessed with his search for an explanation. His mission is impeded by those who do not believe in the existence of UFOs; by those who would prefer to wish the perplexing UFOs out of existence; and by those in power who, to prevent panic, deny the existence of UFOs. Like Skywalker and every adventurer-hero since Odysseus, Neary finds an available pretty girl to accompany him on his lonely mission. In the last frame, though, he achieves a goal more lofty than marriage—he strides into a UFO and, the ultimate American pioneer, flies away with the strange Visitors to destinations unknown.

From the popularity of *Star Wars*, the likely success of *Close Encounters*, and the increasing respectability of the whole genre of science fiction, it is clear that our age, more than its predecessors, needs whatever consolation or reassurance science fiction affords. If all art is to some extent escapist, one might ask what it is that we are escaping from.

An answer, I think, is hidden in the films' imagery. In *Star Wars*, Luke Skywalker ekes out a living as a "moisture farmer" (whatever that may be) in a bleak desert on the remote planet of Tatooine. Apparently, the reason he lives in such an unfruitful place rather than in a galactic Palm Springs is that there *is* no galactic Palm Springs: Evil technology has reduced the universe to wind and sand. If the technocrats were not so vicious and self-serving, the land would be more fruitful. Luke's mission is to replace the Bad technocrats with the Good, which he does. In a closing ceremony disturbingly reminiscent of Nuremberg Nazi rallies, Luke is rewarded with a medal (and a wink) by the princess, who represents the new, benevolent ruling class.

Similarly, in *Close Encounters*, the world in which Roy Neary lives is corrupted by bad technology. Director Stephen Spielberg focuses his camera critically on all the mechanical paraphernalia—toy trains, hair driers, TVs—with which we surround ourselves. The way the Visitors from the other planet make their presence known is by wreaking havoc on technology: turning on toys, stereos, TVs in the dead of night; turning off the telephones and the electricity; bewildering the air traffic scanners. The vision that obsesses Roy Neary, though, is not one of a Thoreauvian cabin in the woods, where evil technology may never trespass, but rather one of a technologically perfect world, where all the circuits enhance man's happiness. When we (with Neary) are finally vouchsafed a vision of the Visitors' gigantic spaceship, it is a moment of glory and ecstasy, visually spectacular, and accompanied by booming organlike music that suggests that this is a sacred rather than a scientific, event.

Like Neary and Skywalker, Americans are perplexed by the failure of technology to supply us with a meaningful life or a decent environment to live in. For every wonderful achievement, technology seems to deal us an equivalent kick in the shins. Travel has become more efficient and less civilized. Television has helped to raise a generation of unprecedentedly educated six-year-olds and increasingly illiterate high school seniors. We can enjoy completely enclosed and comfortable environments hundreds of feet above the sidewalk until, as witness the New York City blackout last summer, someone pulls the plug and the environments become inaccessible and uninhabitable. Only the most naïve believe we can escape our increasingly technological environment. Recognizing that the technologizing trend is irreversible, we fantasize, with Skywalker and Neary, about a world where all the machines work with us rather than against us, where the computer does not obstinately mis-bill, and where jets disgorge our luggage intact at correct destinations.

Regrettably, as both these films imply, the "perfect" technocracy is one over which ordinary mortals can exercise no influence. The enormity and complexity of the system preclude nonexpert involvement. Our only options in such a world would be to replace the bad technocrats, as Skywalker does, evade them, as Neary does, or trust that in their loving-kindness they will make the machines produce what we desire. Our democratic methods of trying to control our exploding technology may be less than "perfect," but they do leave man some room in which to manage his destiny.

—CARLL TUCKER

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dis·co

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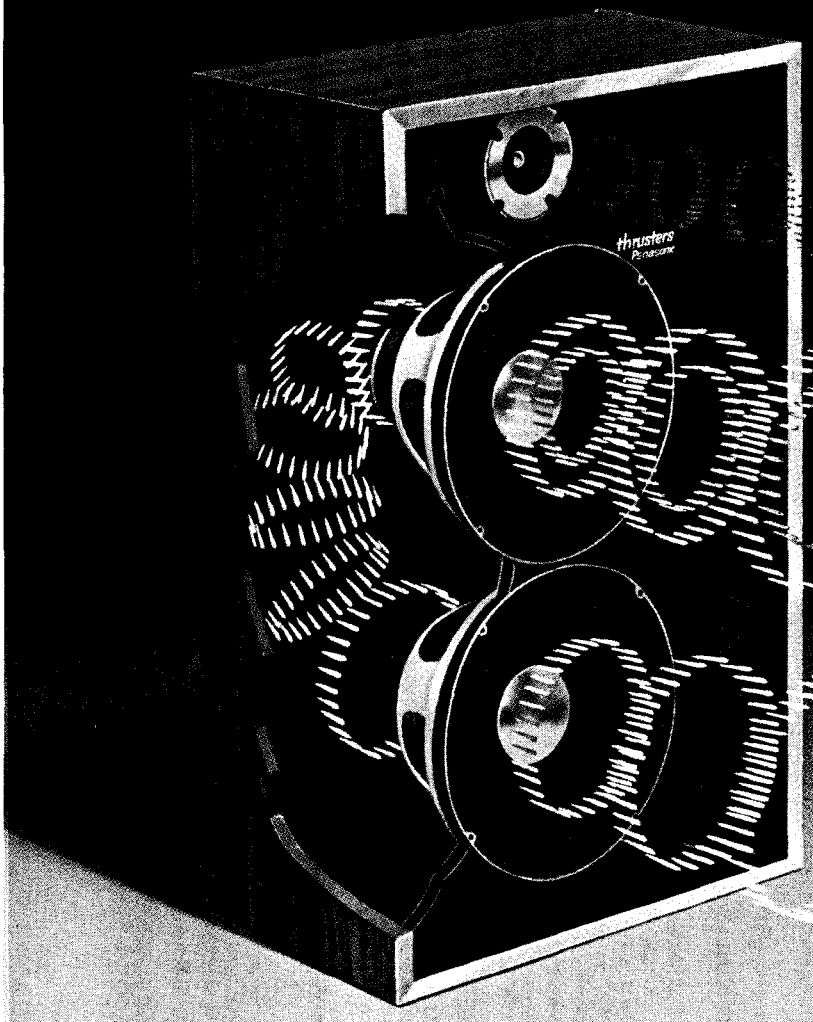

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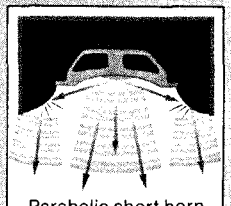

Parabolic short horn. For better sound direction in Thrusters.

Last year, Panasonic introduced Thrusters speakers for Matched Components—the speakers with a passive radiator for a powerful, extra thrust of bass.

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